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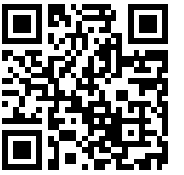

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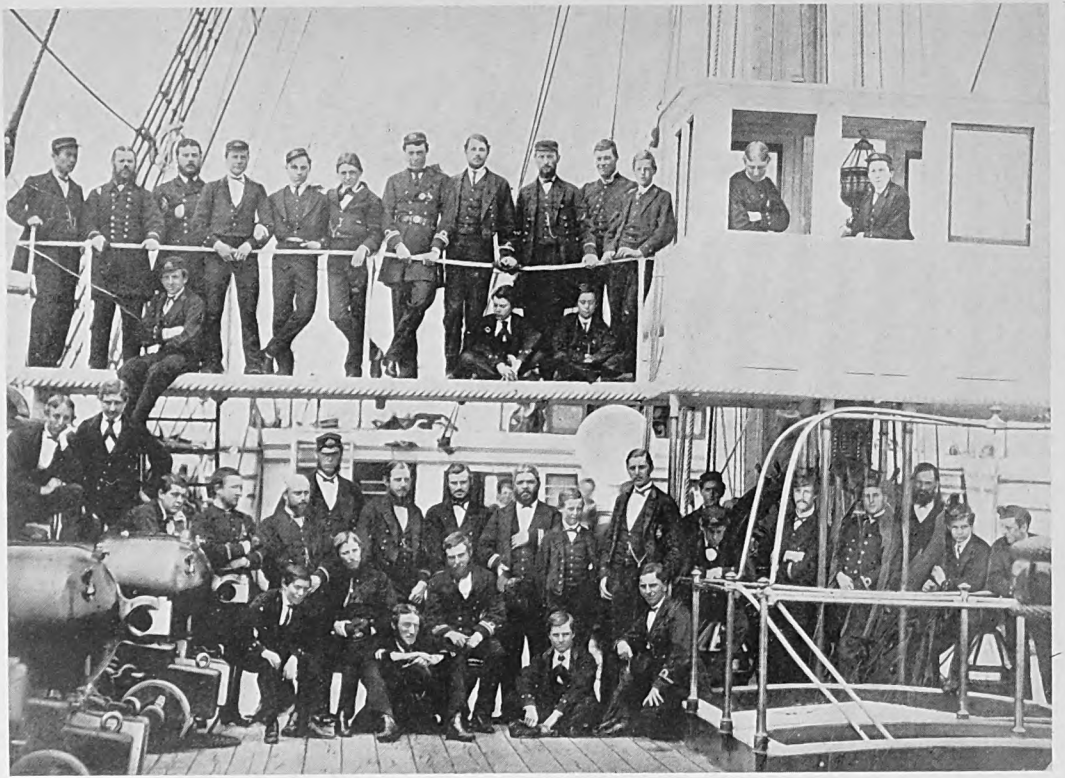

GROUP OF OFFICERS, H.M.S. LIVERPOOL, 1870.
(Author Standing next to Chart House)

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NAVAL REMINISCENCES
1868 - 1891

A BRIEF RECORD OF SERVICE
BY SEA AND LAND

By
ADMIRAL CRAWFORD CONYBEARE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

Printed for Private
Circulation
1930

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R

I DEDICATE THESE MEMOIRS TO MY WIFE, WHO FOR FORTY-NINE YEARS HAS BEEN MY GUIDE, COUNSELLOR, AND LOVING COMPANION. SHE HAS ASSISTED ME BY READING MY MS., CORRECTING FAULTS AND MAKING SUGGESTIONS. WITHOUT HER HELP I SHOULD NEVER HAVE COMPLETED THEM, SUCH AS THEY ARE

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PREFACE

At the urgent request of my wife, to write something that would give an idea of my life in the Royal Navy from 1868, I have attempted these Memoirs.

In the cruise of the Flying Squadron I was largely helped by my letters home, which had all been kept. As a Sub-Lieutenant in the Arctic Expedition of 1875 by my journals. The latter part of my career by my memory, and official documents. The Memoirs close in 1891, when I held my last active command, as I did not wish to write of people still living.

C. C.

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CHAPTER I

EARLY YEARS

JANUARY, 1868 *TO JANUARY*, 1875

According to family traditions I was to have gone to Rugby and Christ Church. But I took my courage in both hands, went to my father and told him I wanted to go to sea.

He talked the matter over with me and gave his permission. After which he got a nomination from Sir Sidney Dacres, a cousin. All Latin and Greek was then turned off and mathematics taken on instead.

In due time I presented myself for examination at Portsmouth, and passed into the *Britannia*—three from the bottom, but passed out eighteen months later three from the top. My paper in dictation nearly did me. In fact I have always been a " fearful speller ", so I joined on the 29th of January, 1868.

My time in the *Britannia* was a very happy one. My parents had a house at Torquay which enabled me to go there from Saturday afternoon till Monday morning.

Shortly after joining I was taken over the futtocks, and the fore-topmast-head by Chumpy Muirhead and Tait, a job that all " cheeky news " had to do.

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In my last term I was made a Captain of Cadets. Two pals of mine, Arthur Baring and Herbert, also joined, and both were afterwards lost in the *Captain*. I passed out on the 20th of April, 1869, with first classes for Study, Seamanship and Conduct, was rated Midshipman, and put on my white midshipman's patches.

FLYING SQUADRON, 1869-1870

On leaving the *Britannia*, I had the good fortune to be appointed direct to the *Liverpool*, and so escaped the three months in the *Bristol*, a sea-going training ship for midshipmen and cadets.

The flying squadron was composed of four frigates, the *Liverpool*, Captain John O. Hopkins, carrying the flag of Rear-Admiral Hornby; the *Liffey*, Captain John O. Johnson; the *Endymion*, Captain Edward Lacy; the *Bristol*, Captain Frederick W. Wilson, temporarily attached to squadron; and two corvettes, the *Barrosa*, Captain Robert Gibson, and the *Scylla*, Captain Frederick A. Herbert.

The flying squadron was to have left England on the 10th of June, but owing to the grounding of the *Cadmus*, necessitating the commissioning of the *Barrosa* in her place, the time of sailing was delayed till the 17th. The *Barrosa* was unfortunate, for she broke an eccentric, and the start was again delayed. However, the start was made on the 18th of June, with orders for the *Barrosa* to rejoin at Madeira.

I was now in a sea-going ship, and the junior midshipman. There were, I think, one or two

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cadets. I was appointed A.D.C. to the Captain, and all the Commission stood behind him on the bridge. At drill I had to run with messages, and I remember taking one to the 1st Lieutenant, Gerry Crohan, on the forecastle. He evidently did not like it, for he made a cut at me with his signal flag, which I successfully dodged.

The Commander, Sammy Long; 1st Lieutenant, Gerry Crohan; the other Lieutenants, Lawson, Henderson, Burges Watson, and Acland, the junior and also Gunnery Lieutenant, who looked after me, the Aclands being old family friends.

The gun-room was on the port side of the lower deck, with scuttles which were always in at sea, with the result that it was very fuggy. The senior member was a sub named Crawford, and the senior midshipman, Chris Naylor. I was one of a crowd of junior midshipmen; and at 8.30 p.m. at sea, and at 9 p.m. in harbour, the fork was in the beam. A carving fork stuck into one of the overhead beams meant that all the junior Snotties had to clear out sharp, the last out getting a cobbing with a dirk scabbard, or anything handy. One might be writing a letter, but that was no excuse; for out you had to go, and the only thing to do was to turn in.

It was not a bad life, with lots of hammering, but one was taught to answer straight, with no excuses, and never to stand in the gangway, i.e. door or any passage. It is a pity that this is not taught to youngsters ashore nowadays.

On our way to Madeira, our first port, the four

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junior midshipmen did not keep night-watch, but were turned out at 5 a.m. It was very jolly paddling about with bare feet while the decks were washed. We also learnt to go aloft with bare feet, but painful at first.

Judging from a letter home, "just off Madeira", we seemed, with my inexperienced eye, to have had too much drill.

> "We have had a most fearful lot of drill, nothing else from morning to night. We (the young gentlemen) have just finished a half-yearly examination, and I came out fifth in order of merit. Acland has just given me and another fellow the run of his cabin to write up our logs. Twelve out of twenty-one of the Mids have got their leave stopped at Madeira because their Watch bills were not correct. I do not think that my leave is stopped as mine was correct. We put on white trousers for the first time. I think that it is not nearly warm enough."

The letter ends with, "the Mail is alongside off Madeira; no time to get a stamp".

From my next letter I find I landed with the 1st Lieutenant, Crohan, "a very kind, jolly fellow", and other midshipmen, who had not got their leave stopped; at 6.45 a.m. had breakfast and rode up to the Convent, and came down in sledges.

We went on board at 5.30 p.m., and at 6 weighed and started for Bahia, where we arrived on the 2nd of August, and found the *Phoebe*, Captain John Bythesea, V.C., at anchor, having arrived from Halifax to join the squadron in the place of the

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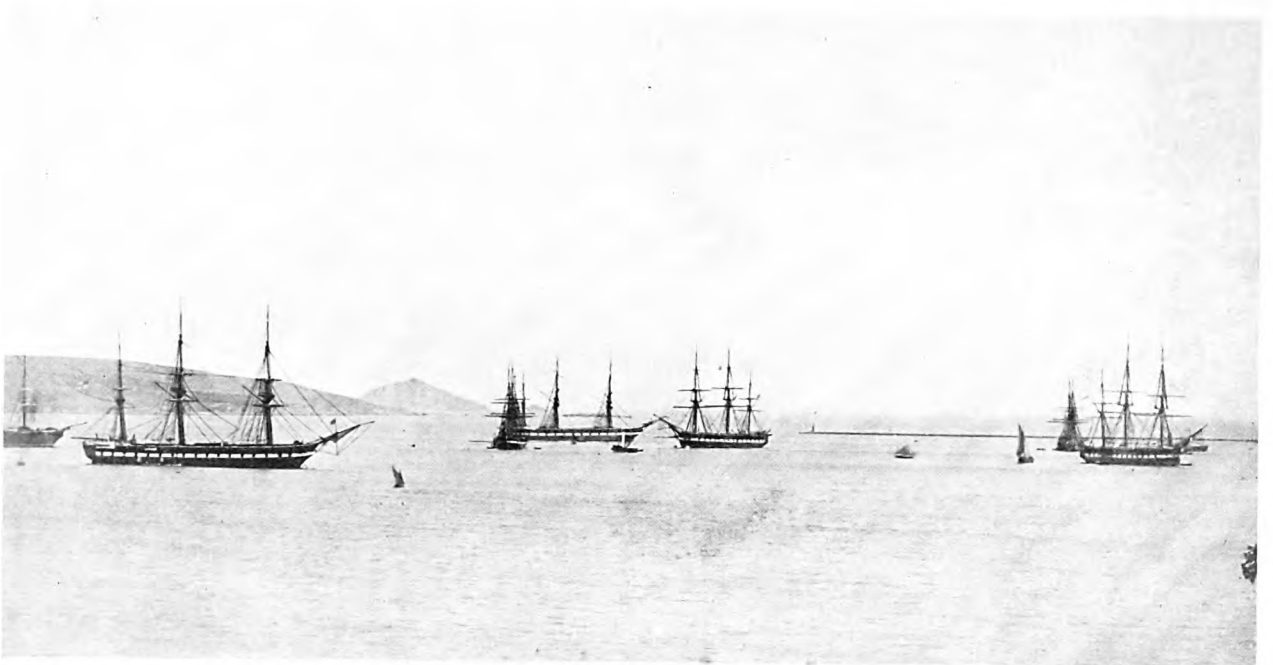

FLYING SQUADRON IN PLYMOUTH SOUND JUST BEFORE SAILING, JUNE, 1869.

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Bristol, so now our squadron was complete. I got on shore, and it was my first sight of a town in the Tropics. One thing I noticed was the curious smell of heat and flowers, mixed with the smell of black men, or coloured I should say. To-day I can shut my eyes, recall the smell and see the quays of Bahia again.

On the 4th we sailed for Rio. No steam was used on this passage, which was uneventful, though we were becalmed for two days off Rio. On the 16th August we anchored in Rio Harbour, one of the finest and most beautiful in the world. It runs Sydney Harbour very hard. The sugar loaf, Coq Avada, dominates the whole harbour, and there is a yarn that an English sailor climbed to the top and stuck up the English flag. He was sent up again to bring it down for his cheek in planting an English flag in foreign territory.

The humming birds were wonderful in the public gardens. One saw them poised in the air above a plant, looking like jewels in the sun. I bought a lot, stuffed for ladies' hats, to take home. At Rio, too, I was first introduced to a Sherry cobbler—scrumptious!

The Emperor of Brazil came on board on the 20th, and 147 guns were fired, representing seven Royal Salutes. What a waste of good powder, I thought.

At Rio we underwent a general refit, and took in stores which had been sent from England. Just before we left I had the morning watch and so saw a whole fleet of merchant ships, delayed by contrary

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winds, getting under weigh. Most of them had the old-fashioned plan of long levers with cross-bars worked up and down. It was a still morning, and I could hear the "chaunties" as the levers clicked up and down—

'Farewell, my bonny young lass,
I am off to the Rio Grande."

On the morning of the 25th of August we sailed, and on the 31st ran into a gale from the west. At 9 p.m. we were under all plain sail, but the wind freshened at 3 a.m., and we called all hands to close-reef the topsails, which took us till 4.45 a.m. The courses had been taken in and furled before. Then we took in the fore and mizzen topsails, so that all the sail that remained on her was a storm main and mizzen trysail, and the close-reefed main-topsail. All the guns on the main deck were run in and housed, and the ports closed. No drills. No school. The hammocks were down for two days, and all the gun-room did was to eat and, when not on Watch, sleep in their hammocks.

The gale eventually blew itself out, and we anchored in the River Plate, off Monte Video, on the morning of the 6th of September, where we found the *Scylla* who had parted company in the gale.

At Rio I met Dicken, an old friend and class-mate of the *Britannia*. He had been appointed to the *Phoebe* when the *Bristol* left the squadron at Bahia. We had a long talk about old times.

I apparently did not think much of Monte Video, for I describe the place as "very dirty, and the

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streets full of holes". It was also a Saint's day, and all the shops were shut.

It came on to blow again, and whilst getting in the accommodation ladder a carpenter slipped off the bottom step and went overboard. A strong tide was running, but, as he drifted astern, he caught a rope and hauled himself up. The first thing he said on reaching the deck was, "I have lost my hammer".

We left for the Cape under sail on the morning on the 11th September. The passage was good. In latitude 39° S. strong westerly winds were met, and the squadron made the most of it, covering 280 knots from noon to noon. The average speed run by log was 6.77 knots per hour; steam was not used at all.

I see by letter home that the ship was "very wet", rolling heavily; and at an examination held for the midshipmen two were sick, four others unwell. I may add that during all my sea service I was lucky never to be seasick.

We got to Simon's Bay on the evening of the 3rd October. The *Liffey* was sent to Table Bay to act as guardship, and land patrols during the general leave that was given to both watches. The men behaved very well there, and it was the first leave that many had had since leaving England.

The Mayor of Cape Town expressed his satisfaction to the Rear-Admiral before we left. A ball was given on board the Flag Ship at Simon's Bay, but I was too shy to dance.

The ship had a thorough refit before sailing;

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running rigging re-rove and sails shifted in anticipation of our coming passage through the " Roaring forties ". We left twelve deserters from the squadron behind; but five were subsequently caught and sent to the ships of the Cape Station. We sailed on 16th October for Melbourne.

THE ROARING FORTIES

For the first three weeks we had easterly, north-easterly winds and thick weather which did not help us along. We stood as far south as 47° in the hope of getting the famous westerly wind, and on the 8th November we got it, and all was changed. A fair wind that freshened to a gale with a confused sea: yards squared, sails reefed and double reefed. The ship rolling like a log, and very wet. One night, about 10 p.m., the Admiral and Captain were walking the weather side of the quarterdeck, I and the others on the lee side, when she gave a heave, a roll, partially broached too and shipped a green sea over her weather quarter. The Admiral and Captain were hanging on the weather fife-rail and were well ducked. The sea then swept down the after-hatch into the cockpit, where the gun-room hammocks were. Such was a sailor's life, but we midshipmen did not mind, for had not our superior officers got the same as ourselves?

The *Scylla* and *Endymion* parted company in the gale, and while the former rejoined at the rendezvous on the 25th the latter did not turn up till two days after we had arrived at Melbourne, for which she got fits. We again ran into another gale, on sighting

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Cape Otway light, which lasted two days. We then waited at the rendezvous for the *Scylla*, left her there to wait for the *Endymion*, and anchored off Melbourne on the 28th November.

In the last gale the double-reefed main-topsail blew to ribbons and the main-top men had a long and difficult job in securing it.

We had a royal time at Melbourne. No one can ever know the kindness that was shewn us with balls, picnics, and free passes on the railways. A man—I cannot remember his name after these many years, and I had not seen him before—asked me if I would like to come out to his place. He said, "Nip on board, ask for leave, get your bag and rejoin me here in an hour". I did so, and we drove out in his pair-horse buggy for some miles to his place. Here I had a jolly time, danced with his girls in the evening, and got back to the work on board of refitting ship.

On the 4th December the Governor came on board, the squadron weighed, sailed down the bay and carried out various evolutions, returning to anchor the same evening. A few days before we left a large party, the Admiral, all the Captains, and some others went 100 miles by train up to Ballarat to see the gold diggings. We went to the Band of Hope Mine, and saw the machines for washing the gold. We then shifted into overalls and went down the 500 feet of the main shaft, walked a quarter of a mile along a drift, then down a small ninety-foot shaft in a bucket, along another drift and down the last 100 feet by an upright ladder. Here we found

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the men at work. We were given picks and told to hunt in the alluvial soil for gold. The Admiral found a small nugget. I did not find anything but was given a lump of stuff, and thinking it was only iron pyrites I put it in my ditty-box on board where it remained for years. More of this anon. We then went up again, were photographed as we were, and returned to the ship. They had fed us well at the hotel before we went down, and again when we came up. I could not, unfortunately, get hold of a copy of the group.

General leave was given for two days, but this was trying some of the men too high. The bitter cold, hard work and the wet of our late passage may have been something to do with it, but the proximity of the goldfields and the high rate of pay had more, and 158 men were missing when we left for Sydney. We lost one of our smartest men, George Vosper, the Captain of the main-top. What induced him to go I can't think. Perhaps some fair lady got hold of him. We got him back, I think, at Sydney. He was disrated to A.B., put in the fore-top and, before the end of the Commission, had again worked back to first-class P.O. He was a splendid man, and I knew him well.

We left Melbourne on the 7th of December, under double-reefed topsails in a north-westerly gale, which changed to the westward on nearing the "Narrows". As the pilot objected to take the squadron through the Narrows under sail, steam had to be raised. The *Endymion's* steam-pipe was found to be badly cracked, so she was taken in tow by the

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Liffey, this so delayed the squadron that it had to anchor inside the Heads for the night and steam out in the morning. Off the Heads the pilot was dropped, and we made sail.

Light winds prevented our entering the Heads of Sydney till the evening of the 12th, and as the tide was too low to cross the Flats we had to anchor in the sound for the night. On the 13th we proceeded under steam as the wind was southerly.

When we were eight miles from the anchorage a cutter-yacht of about 50 tons and the steam yacht of the Commodore, Captain Rowley Lambert, met us and we took in the pilot. Crowds of vessels met us. The passage is narrow and very pretty, for the trees, shrubs, and gardens come down to the water's edge. At 4 p.m. we came to about 250 yards from the Botanical Gardens. Sydney Harbour is lovely, but in some ways Rio runs it close.

The first question asked by the Sydney girls is, "What do you think of *our* harbour?" I generally replied, "Well, have you seen *Rio*?"

We were magnificently entertained, in much the same way as at Melbourne, but with the addition that the New South Wales Government sent a very handsome present of meat, vegetables, currants, etc., to add to the Christmas dinners of the ships' companies.

Crowds visited the ships, and the midshipmen had to take parties round. When taking a large party round, all women and girls, on reaching the fo'c'sle, they saw the capstan. "What is that?" "Oh that is the coffee-mill, where we grind the men's

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coffee. You see, we have such a large number of men on board."

On passing the funnel-casing, where the funnel was lowered when not in use, the true explanation was given. The information was received with derisive laughter. The coffee-mill went down though.

Three days' general leave was given besides special leave to all first-class men. I must here give an extract from the letter of the Chief Police Magistrate to the Rear-Admiral:

> "I have been Police Magistrate of Sydney for ten years, and have seen very many men-of-war of all nations enter the harbour, but have never had so few of their men brought before me for drunkenness or disorderly conduct, as those of the Flying Squadron; in fact, instead of, as I expected, a hundred at least, there has been only one. It gives me much pleasure in reporting this fact."

On leaving Sydney twenty-seven men were absent, none of whom were afterwards recovered.

The squadron left for Hobart Town on the 26th of December. Steam was used to clear the "Heads" as the wind was foul; the remainder of the passage was under sail, the winds being generally light and variable. We anchored in the Derwent, off Hobart Town, on the 2nd of January, 1870, after an uneventful passage.

If I can trust my memory after so many years, we took in the *Liverpool*, as the Admiral's guest,

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Mrs. Rowley Lambert, the wife of the Commodore, to one of the New Zealand ports where she rejoined her husband. The Queen's regulations and Admiralty instructions of that day did not allow the Captain, or Commanding Officer, to take *his* wife on board with him, but it did not forbid him to take someone else's wife!

We arrived, as I said, on the 2nd of January, 1870, and anchored in the Derwent. The magnificent bay had long been the recreation ground of the numerous whale ships in the South Seas. On the left, as we entered, was Mount Wellington, 4,300 feet high, covered with trees nearly to the top. I quote from a letter home:

> "We started our walk at 6 a.m. After two miles we came to the foot and then started up a very bad track. After two hours we came to a small inn where we had a much needed breakfast After a good deal of stiff walking we came to a small house called the Springs. It was very pretty, a lot of small streams running over moss and down the hill. We walked a long way over a lot of stones, mud and water. It was a stiff pull up before we got to the top, passing a lot more big stones called the 'Ploughed Fields'. It was a splendid view from the top. Altogether we walked twenty miles."

One day I went to the theatre and to the dress-circle, where I met a gentleman I had seen on board. He took me up to his box and introduced me to his two girls, with whom I walked home afterwards.

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I see from my letter that I remarked, "one was very pretty."

We left on the 10th of January under sail, beating down the Derwent, and getting into the westerly winds we soon ran across to the southern end of New Zealand. On the morning of the 19th the squadron beat into Lyttleton Harbour. Acland told me he was going to take me out to his cousin, Mr. Leonard Harper's place. So I went out for the night, had a jolly time, and amused the Harpers considerably by shooting rabbits before breakfast in the garden. Only three days were spent at Lyttleton, and on the 22nd of January the squadron beat out against a light head-wind and reached Wellington on the 24th, where we found the *Challenger* with the Commodore.

The squadron left on the 27th of January, and did not reach Auckland till the 2nd of February owing to light winds. The "Thames" goldfields were at an easy distance, so no general, but only privileged leave was given. Even a few of the privileged deserted, and several broke away from boats. From the *Phoebe* fourteen men broke away, taking one of her cutters, and escaped. In all forty-one men were lost from the squadron by desertion.

On the 9th of February we left New Zealand for Japan, starting on our long cruise of fifty-six days, during which we experienced all kinds of weather from the extreme heat of the tropics to cold. The weather was intensely hot from latitude 28°S. to 22°N.; the thermometer by day never stood below 80°, and generally was as high as from

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82° to 86°. Most of the gun-room officers slept on deck on account of the heat in the cockpit.

The gun-room had been on ship's provisions from a few days after leaving Auckland. The midshipmen on being dismissed from drill at 7.45 a.m., bolted down to the gun-room for breakfast. A piece of cold salt pork or salt beef ("salt horse") so hard that one could hardly cut it. Tea, with preserved milk, horrible stuff, the milk. No bread, ship's biscuits, I love them to this day. Dinner—salt beef or pork with duff—one day preserved meat ("Fanny Adams"). A midshipman's "wine bill" for the month was 10s., which ran, perhaps to a glass of beer at dinner. The "extra bill"—sardines, ("tinned sausage")—cocoa in tins, was 15s., and was soon exhausted, and one had to fall back on the ship's grub. Some of the officers and men were in the sick list from the long spell of salt provisions. I kept out of the sick list till the 15th of March, when I had ten days of it. It was very like a touch of scurvy. Acland took pity on me and I used to go to the ward-room pantry, where I got a good meal and a glass of port each day, which soon put me to rights.

We were very much troubled with calms and light winds, and caught a number of sharks. The shark hook, with a length of chain was baited with a lump of pork, and put overboard. A big fellow came to look at it, turned it over and went away; in ten minutes he came back with a rush and swallowed it. When he was cut open he had only a few chips of wood inside him!

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At 8° south latitude and with no signs of a change from the constant calms, and a prospect of provisions, which had not been completed since leaving Sydney on the 26th of December, falling short before Japan was reached (in fact we reached Japan with only a few days' rum on board), steam was resorted to, the *Liverpool*, *Liffey*, and *Endymion*, towing the *Barrosa*, *Phoebe* and *Scylla* respectively. In latitude 2° south a light breeze from the north-east was met, and the ship cast off the tow and proceeded under sail. A long cruise must have an end, and on the 6th of April Japan was sighted at daybreak. Half way up the Gulf of Yedo at 3 p.m. it fell calm, and as the barometer had been falling for two days, it looked like a blow; so steam was raised and we anchored after dark. The American Admiral in the *Delaware* expressed his admiration at the seamanship which could bring six ships into a crowded anchorage on a dark night, and anchor it in such perfect order.

It was my morning watch next day. When the day began to dawn, the first thing one saw was the truncated cone of Fusiyama covered with snow; the light stole down and you saw all the life that was going on on the water. Junks with their queer mat sails and high poop. Heaps of sampans all round hauling up their lobster (?) pots. It was also cherry blossom time. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

The *Barrosa* left the squadron at Yokohama to relieve the *Pearl*, Captain John Ross, on the China Station, and the latter ship accompanied the squadron back to England. Yokohama was delightful and the people charming. Their shops were a delight to

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the eyes—open-fronted, closed at night by screens, a white matting covering the floor. It was a sin and shame to walk on them in our boots. The Japanese always took off their wooden clogs and pattered about in their stockings.

The usual procedure was as follows: on entering a shop the owner was generally found sitting on the floor in a corner, smoking his small metal pipe, by the side of a brazier—one was at liberty to examine anything one liked. Inlaid cabinets, boxes, tortoise-shell work, bronzes, lovely little Neitckus (ivory figures), carved ivory sword handles.

On finding something one asked, "How many dollars, John?" holding up one's fingers to denote the amount. "Fifteen dollars." "No, too much—ten." Finally a bargain would be struck for perhaps twelve dollars, all the bargaining done in the utmost good humour. I bought many things, and most of them are in my house to this day, the lacquer as good as ever it was after fifty-eight years.

The personal cleanliness of the people struck me. I have seen entire families all bobbing about in a large tub of hot water, in the open in their gardens.

At the request of Sir Harry Parkes the squadron went up the gulf and anchored off Yedo on the 14th of April. A Japanese man-of-war was met. She had been bought from the Americans, and had a very long ram, and was about the size of the *Wyvern*. The Supreme Council of Japan visited the Flag-Ship, they came to the gun-room and had some tea!

The Mikado held a levee and received the Admiral. It was said that he was the third Englishman who

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had been presented, the British Minister and the Duke of Edinburgh being the others.

Good Friday, the 15th, we spent holy-stoning decks and cleaning ship!

On Easter Eve I had the good luck to go to a picnic. I think it was the Captain who took me, for he was awfully good to me.

Bowlin, the Admiral's secretary, and two others besides the Admiral and the Captain, were present—perhaps other captains, but I don't remember. We went up to the British Legation and saw Lady Parkes; it was her show. We mounted our horses and rode out through the town to a place twelve miles off. Our escort consisted of six mounted Japs, all two-sword men, with tin hats like bread dishes, and two of Sir H. Parkes' orderlies. In parts of the town it was not safe to pass without guards; I noticed that the looks in some cases were not friendly. We had a charming ride and had tea at a lovely spot, and had a delightful time, thanks to our charming hostess. At the request of the Japanese Government, two Japanese Naval Cadets were received in the squadron, one in the Flag-Ship, and the other in the *Phoebe*.

We sailed from Yokohama on the 19th of April. The passage to Vancouver Island was the worst we have had. The great circle course was steered, which took the ship as far north as latitude 49°-26′, where bitterly cold weather was met, accompanied by frequent showers of snow and hail, and very heavy squalls. All felt the cold after the continuous heat in last passage. The *Phoebe* and *Endy-*

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mion sprung their main-yards. I see from my letter home from Vancouver :

> " The day after we sailed we ran into a gale, which split top-gallant sails, fore and main top-sails, foresail, main-sail and jib, leaving us in a fearful mess. After a week out a man fell from the fore top-sail yard, struck the cat head and went overboard. We hove to, lowered a boat, but the man was never seen again. A week later, R. Warren, a midshipman of the *Scylla* fell over-board while heaving the log. He was seen striking out for the life-buoy, when he suddenly threw up his arms and sank." Probably the bitter cold water.

The cold on the passage was very bad, the thermometer which was on the half-deck, not on the upper deck, was down to 34° which meant freezing above. If you add a strong wind with squalls of snow and hail, and no great-coat for the unfortunate midship-men, you have a jolly time of it ! A monkey jacket was allowed at night. Decks had to be washed in the morning, and I pitied the unfortunate men who had no sea boots, their toes were blue with the cold.

We anchored in Esquimault Harbour, Van-couver Island on the 15th of May. A very pretty land-locked harbour. The small town of Victoria three miles off. No railway, and very little to do. I described it as " the most dreary place that I had ever seen." There was, however, plenty of fishing, salmon and trout. We had too much of the former,

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for our messman naturally fed us on the cheapest food he could buy. So it was salmon all day till we got sick of it. "One cannot eat mutton all day," and it is more so in the case of salmon.

The *Zealous*, Flag-Ship of Rear-Admiral Farquhar C.-in-C. of the Pacific, *Charybdis*, *Sparrowhawk*, and *Boxer* were here.

The Fleet regatta took place, and two of the launches in the sailing race ran into one another; one of the boats had her side stove in. The *Pearl's* cutter capsized, but no one was any the worse.

The *Scylla* was handed over to the Pacific command, and the *Charybdis*. Captain Lyons attached to the squadron for the passage to Valparaiso.

We sailed from Esquimault on the morning of the 28th of May, when we got to the mouth of the harbour we found the *Scylla's* boats manned to wish us good-bye; we manned the rigging and gave them three cheers. The *Scylla* had been with us since we left England, nearly a year since. We had northerly winds till the 4th of June and then calms. On the 9th we picked up the trade winds and reached Honolulu on the 16th of June. The *Liverpool*, *Charybdis* and *Phoebe* anchored in single line, when the *Endymion* came down on the *Charybdis*, then ran into the *Phoebe's* stern, knocked her gig away, split her spanker, and carried away her own jibboom and head gear.

It was very warm, no bathing from the ships on account of the sharks; we caught one twelve feet in length. Its jaws were so large, that when cleaned I could get them over my shoulders! There

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was, however, a charming fresh-water pool on shore, with a waterfall at the end of it. I can remember it to this day. We spent many afternoons swimming about in it; one climbed on to a ledge under the waterfall and let the cool water fall over one's body. One afternoon a party of natives, men and girls, came down and took most wonderful footers off the high rocks and swam about with us.

On the 20th of June the King came on board. In my letter home I described him as "the ugliest man I had ever seen, quite black and very fat!" Hardly complimentary.

Our call at Tahiti had been cut out by orders received at Vancouver, so it meant a long cruise to Valparaiso. We heard all sorts of rumours before we left—"A row in Paris, a revolution impending!" The Fenians giving trouble in Canada. There was of course in those days no cable to Honolulu. On the 23rd of June we left Honolulu and arrived at Valparaiso on the 14th of August. A very monotonous passage of fifty-two days. No land was seen, no ships were sighted, and no steam used the whole time. On the 26th of June at 6 a.m. while shaking out reefs, the Captain of the foretop fell overboard from the yard-arm. By some fatal mischance the patent life-buoy was not let go, only an ordinary buoy was thrown. The last we saw of him he was striking out for the buoy. The boat was away two and a half hours, and saw neither the buoy nor the man.

Our long cruise meant plenty of ship's provisions for the gun-room. Our fresh meat and a few skinny

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fowls lasted a few days, and then "salt horse", Navy salt beef, and very hard salt pork,—not so bad if the mess got a "belly piece". "Fanny Adams", preserved meat. There is an old service yarn that many years ago the contractor lost his daughter and one of her stay steels was found in a tin. Preserved potatoes—very nasty with a strong taste of soap.

I forgot with the salt pork ration there was pea soup, very good, also duff (flour and raisins). Many years later when in command of a ship, on salt pork days, my steward used to get a bit of pork, soak it well to get rid of some of the salt, and boil it. It was quite good, also the pea soup. Perhaps the monotony of the cruise induced a few of the men to try the sick bay for a change. A man appeared before the doctor: "Well, my man, what do you complain of?" "I eats well, I sleeps well, and when I have got a job of work I feels all of a tremble." Diagnosis: "Lurgies"—and nothing doing for the man.

I had gone to the sick bay after divisions, for some trifling job. Perhaps a cut finger. The young doctor—the Chief had gone to report the sick to the Captain—"Wait a minute, I have to see a man who complains of lumbago." I sat down on a bed and watched. The sick berth attendant fetched a small basin of very hot water and put it in the half-open drawer of the doctor. The doctor dropped a two-penny piece in the hot water. "Call the man in;" a young ordinary seaman limped across the sick bay. "Where is the pain?" "In my back, sir; it's awful." "Turn round, bend down and pull

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up your jumper." The man did so. The doctor clapped on the hot coin from the water on the small of his back. The man gave a yell and bolted out of the sick bay. "I thought so," said the doctor, "another case of 'Lurgies'!"

We sighted the peaks of the Andes at 8 a.m. on the 6th of August, 190 miles off! It was quite calm when suddenly a breeze sprang up, entirely aloft—the surface of the water was quite smooth—and took us along at ten knots. The wind fell at noon, and so spoiled our chance of getting in that day. During the night it blew and we took in two reefs in the top-sails. At Valparaiso we found the *Satellite*, Captain W. H. Edge, and the *Fawn*—the former having been nearly four years in commission, joined in the squadron, the *Charybdis* (both of them corvettes), remaining as Senior Officer on the coast of Chili. The ships were caulked, new sails bent, fresh running rigging rove in anticipation of our passage round the Horn. I found at Valparaiso, a large parcel from my outfitters, Fraser & Davis of Portsmouth, with a much-wanted renewal of my kit. It fitted well. Sound fellows. I had written from Japan and told them to make allowance for growth!

On the 18th of August I left with a party of officers for Santiago. The Admiral was one of the party. He must have taken me; it was one of his many acts of kindness to me during the cruise. In future years I had the occasion many times to be most grateful to him for his help, and I shall always remember the name of Sir Geoffrey Hornby with gratitude and affection.

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We left the ship at 8 a.m. After a time the train, when it got to the foot of the mountain, began to wind about in a wonderful way. The scenery was beautiful, the mountains covered with snow. I have a photograph of one of the gorges that is lovely. On our arrival in the evening at Santiago, we drove to the hotel, dined and went to the Opera. I don't now remember what it was, but anyhow I enjoyed it. The next morning we went up a slight hill. The town is built on a plain surrounded by snow-covered mountains. We went to see the ruins of the big Church that had been burnt some years before, and where 2,000 people had been buried. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the numbers, but those were the figures given me at the time. The next day being Friday, there was no Opera, so we left on Saturday morning and got on board again at 5 p.m. after a very enjoyable trip. We found the greatest excitement at Valparaiso about the French and German War, and many were the hopes in the gun-room, that we might join in on the *French* side.

The Captain of an English barque came on board and reported that when four days' out his men had mutinied and made him return, they alleged that the ship was unseaworthy. The crew had been paid a month's pay in advance before sailing, and I see that I noted at the time, that was probably the reason. In the meantime all was excitement. We filled up with coal, provisions, powder and shot, giving us thirty rounds per gun. The Mail Steamer arrived on the 28th with orders for our return to England at once, and on that same evening we sailed

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for our passage round the Horn. We used steam, as the winds were light and baffling on leaving the coast of Chile, for eighteen hours on the 30th and 31st of August, and again for thirty hours on the 5th and 6th of September. We had never before used steam to such an extent, but then we were in a hurry on account of the War. We then ran into the westerly winds, and got too much of them. For the next ten days the wind amounted to a gale, with frequent heavy squalls, which only the new sails that had been sent to Valparaiso to meet the squadron could withstand. The sea was very heavy, and the ships rolled violently the whole time; added to this the cold was much felt after the recent passage through the tropics. On the 12th of September the *Phoebe* lost a cutter; on the 13th the *Pearl* had one washed away; on the 17th the *Phoebe* carried away a tiller, and another on the 18th, which compelled her to "lay to" till the weather moderated, and on the same day the *Satellite* had two boats damaged by the sea, and her rudderhead badly sprung.

The Admiral had promised a bottle of champagne to the officer of any watch that made forty-eight knots in a watch of four hours, *i.e.* an average of twelve knots per hour. It was my middle watch one night. I came on deck, found it blowing hard on the quarter, and the ship was going twelve knots at midnight. A good chance for a record. We did it. We logged over forty-eight—slightly over twelve each hour. It was my job to heave the log. No joke at all. The ship rolling like mad, the deck

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wet. At 1 a.m. reelers were piped, I went on the poop, a sub of mizzen-topmen came up with the reel, the quarter-master with the short sand-glass and a lantern. The reelers held up the reel, I put in the peg. "All clear." "All clear, sir." I hove the log well clear of the quarter and allowed the line to run through my bare hand. When the mark, a piece of bunting, passed my hand, "Turn!" The quarter-master turned the glass and allowed the sand to run. Each knot is marked by a bit of line passed through the log line, having one knot in it for one, two for two knots, and so on.

I felt for the knots flying through my hand, and did they not sting, for it was very cold. When the sand ran out of the glass, the quarter-master called "Stop!" I took a twist of the log line round the poop rail and stopped the run of the line. Checking the line suddenly, withdrew the peg. "Give me the lantern, quarter-master. I believe we've done it." The six knots was well over the rail outboard. as we were using the short glass, seven seconds; the record was doubled which gave us 12.2 for this first hour. The remaining three hours each gave us slightly over twelve knots. So we won the bottle of the "Boy." The quarter-master was not forgotten and got his glass of grog next evening.

On the 15th of September at midnight we were fairly round the Horn, and turned to the northward, steering N.N.E. The force of the wind was logged as eight to nine—ten being a gale. We carried our fair wind with us as we ran north, but the sea was not so heavy, and the weather was bright and

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cold. One afternoon, it was my watch in the signals, we were flying along under single reefed top-sails. An unfortunate corvette was astern of us, under the same sail, and could not keep up with us. The Admiral was on the poop. "Signal to her to set reefed foretop mast stunsail." It was the first and last time I had ever seen it. We watched with our glasses. They got out the boom, secured it and up went the sail. When the wind got it, away went the sail and the boom! "Repeat the signal," said the Admiral. The second attempt was better, and the sail stood.

The Admiral watched her for some time and then said, "That will do". She now kept station.

We held our wind till the 25th of September, when we had to steam for sixteen hours, one half of the squadron towing the other; we then picked up a gentle trade wind, and on the 6th of October Bahia was reached.

We put in there to fish the *Satellite's* rudder. The rudder was repaired by the artificers of the squadron in the Brazilian dockyard. It was replaced on the 9th and we put to sea, steaming ninety miles to the eastward, against a light breeze to get an offing.

While we were at Bahia the Japanese Naval Cadet we had shipped at Yokohama—the second was on board the *Phoebe*—committed suicide at 4.15 a.m. on the 7th of October; "hari-kari", in the Japanese manner. It was my watch and I saw him. It was a horrible sight. He was down on his luck, home-sick, and thought he was not getting on well with

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his work. It must have been a hard time for him, for when he came on board he knew no English, and had learned very little when he decided to take his life. His mate in the *Phoebe* had, on the contrary, made much progress, and spoke English by this time fairly well.

We sent a boat for him at once and he came on board, the first words used after seeing the body were: "He one big fool." He, however, was much upset by it.

On Sunday, 16th of October, I quote from my log:

> "6.30 p.m. observed a steamer ahead. 6.40 up courses, fired a gun and burnt a blue light. 7 p.m. hove to and sent cutter to communicate. A little after 8 p.m. the boat returned. It was a most dramatic moment. All hands were on deck, the men as far aft as the main-mast. All the officers on the quarter-deck. The fighting lamps had been lighted and were along the quarter-deck. The ship rolled slightly, and at each roll the reef points pattered on the sails. The lieutenant who had boarded the steamer came over the side, his wet oilskins glistened in the lamplight. He went straight to the Admiral and Captain and reported: 'The French have been beaten at Sedan. The Emperor is a prisoner. The *Captain* has been lost with all hands.' (Note: this was not correct as sixteen were saved, having floated off in one of the boom boats.) This last piece of news was a shock to the Admiral who had lost two relatives. It was bad news for me

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for both Baring and Herbert, midshipmen, had been great chums of mine in the *Britannia*."

On reaching home my father told me that my name had been put down for the *Captain*; I was to have joined her after my return.

After communicating with the Mail Steamer we had ordinary weather, with occasional calms and some steaming, but we were not to get back without a gale. On the 9th of November we had one from the north-east which lasted four days. The unlucky *Phoebe* lost her foreyard. This kept the squadron off the English coast for a few days. In the gun-room we were very hard up. All our small luxuries, sardines, potted-meats, etc., were finished. We had no glasses or cups, and used old jam pots; our candles were stuck in bottles, our fare "ship's grub". A few days before getting in, at our 12 o'clock dinner a piece of salt pork was put before the Senior Sub. "Phew—give me a fork!" and the pork that was stinking, went overboard through the scuttle. Well everything has to end, and at 10.25 a.m. on the 15th of November, having shortened sail, we came to with our B.B. in Plymouth Sound. Our long cruise was over.

When the sails were furled the Captain let me go—I had been on the bridge with him as usual. I had been his A.D.C. all the Commission.

The bum-boat had come alongside. I was down like a shot, and came up the side with a large home-baked loaf and half a pound of Devonshire butter. What a meal I and my chum had in the gun-room!

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That afternoon we got out powder and shot, and the next day tugs came out, and we went up harbour and lashed alongside the jetty. That evening the Admiral's flag was hauled down.

The time till the 2nd of December was spent in hoisting out guns, tanks, boats, etc. The top-masts were landed, leaving only the lower-masts and lower-yards in position. On Friday, 2nd of December, a.m., inspected ship; p.m., paid off the ship's company.

Our long cruise was over. It had been a hard one, and full of experience for men and officers. Practically I had started as a raw boy and returned well knocked into shape, as hard as nails; fearing only, I hope, the Almighty and my superior officers. I learnt sound seamanship that lasted all my time, and was especially useful when I was later a watch-keeping officer.

I must have started from Plymouth that afternoon for my home in Hampshire, but did not get further than Bishopstoke, where I slept, and got home next morning to a bright and frosty day.

My home-coming was delightful. My box of "Curios" came from the ship and was unpacked. Madeira, Bahia, Rio, from the latter stuffed humming birds and curious beetles. A cabinet from Japan, lacquer work, and many other treasures that delighted my people. I have got a lot of them in my house now, as I write. From Honolulu I brought two sperm whale tusks or teeth. After many years I took them to Barrett, Piccadilly, and he mounted them with small silver legs as black and red peppers. No one can guess what they are.

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When I had been at home some weeks my father had a talk to me. He said, "You now know what the Navy's like, it is not too late for you to change your profession." I answered, "That I had been through my bad time as a youngster, and that now my good time was coming, and that I loved the Navy, and would not leave for anything."

I got the following certificate on paying off from the Captain: "He has conducted himself with sobriety and to my *entire* satisfaction."

My six weeks' leave must have expired about the middle of January, 1871. I got an extension and joined the *Duke of Wellington*, the Guardship at Portsmouth. I found the gun-room full of subs, assistant paymasters, midshipmen and clerks all awaiting appointments. There must have been thirty or forty in all. Later I was appointed to the *Lord Warden*, Flag-Ship in the Mediterranean—to await passage to her—then followed some months that were very bad for me. School and drills for the midshipmen were most perfunctory. No boat work, no seamanship. Much time spent at the dockyard in charge of men drawing stores, and other ships. Some football in the afternoons and that was all. It was a very bad life for a youngster, and I can't think why my father did not apply to pay my passage out, and get me out of it. At last orders came for me to go out in the *Orontes*, a trooper. We called at Plymouth, where I met many old friends, King Harman amongst them.

We picked up the *Lord Warden* at sea, on passage from Malta to Gibraltar, and on the 27th of July

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in the evening I joined. I found a lot of old "*Liverpools*" in the gun-room, Archie Farquharson, Richards and Fitzgerald (Lord Ernest). We made an excellent quartette. We had all done our three years, and therefore were "Senior Midshipmen". No more hammering, and the senior sub, White ("Tea-party" White), let us alone. I am afraid we were rather a rowdy lot. We were not used to table-cloths at meals, and if there was not room on the seats, they did not like us having a sleep on the table in the afternoon. The Admiral and Commander-in-Chief was Admiral Yelverton, the Flag-Captain, Brandreth, the Commander, Lord Walter Kerr.

On the 27th of July our after-condensor burst, and we were taken in tow by the *Caledonia*. We got into Gibraltar on the 31st and went alongside the New Mole. This was very delightful, as when one had leave, one walked on shore. I was delighted with my first sight of Gibraltar. The galleries, the Alamanda where the bands played in the evening. Our stay was all too short, for we sailed on the 2nd of August. The Fleet consisted of *Lord Warden*, *Caledonia*, *Defence*, *Narcissus*, *Immortalité*, *Cadmus*, *Topaze* and *Vollage*. The *Inconstant* joined us at sea on the 4th. We were sailing and steaming "as requisite"—dawdling along at three to six knots. The forenoons were taken up by steam tactics, and the evenings by sail drill, not nearly to the same extent as in the late Flying Squadron.

It was ridiculous to expect these old "flat irons" to sail. One evening off Lisbon, with a light wind, and a heavy roll coming in from the Atlantic, we

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were trying to sail with the fires banked. The *Lord Warden* got out of control, got into the trough of sea and commenced rolling heavily. The hands were turned up, sails furled and fires "drawn forward". I was in the starboard gangway, and we took a heavy sea over the hammock netting. All the Maltese servants and bandsmen were on the booms amidship, saying their prayers, thinking that their last day was come. After a very uncomfortable wait—steam was available, and we got out of our mess and got the ship's head to the sea. We had rolled over 30° each way. On the 11th of August we sighted the Channel and Reserve Fleets, we joined up with them and cruised in company—more steam tactics.

On the 13th of August we were steaming in company towards Plymouth breakwater—our hopes were raised for we thought we were going in. The men especially, for we were a west country ship, *i.e.* our ship's company were Plymouth and Devonport men. We were sold. On nearing the breakwater, we saluted the flag of Admiral Sir H. Codrington, the Commander-in-Chief of Plymouth, with seventeen guns, and hauled off, steering to the westward.

The Detached Squadron parted company. From the 15th to the 18th of August, we cruised off the south of Ireland, when we headed for Queenstown, and got in on the 19th, tied up to a buoy and coaled. We were nine days in harbour, and had a good time. I went up to Cork and had a look round. On the 28th of August we started for Lisbon, steaming

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and sailing, and moored in the Tagus on the 6th of September.

While at Lisbon I got Saturday to Monday leave, and went with a pal to Cintra, which was a jolly change from the ship routine, as one could get up when one liked. We left the Tagus on the 18th of September and anchored in Cuccas Bay. Why, I don't know. On the 19th we weighed. We cruised off Lisbon from the 20th to 26th of September. Steam tactics and drills. Our track was a maze, crossing and recrossing. We called at Lagos, Cadiz, and Tangiers, but our stay at each place was so short that I did not get on shore, so saw nothing of those places. We got to Gibraltar, alongside the New Mole at 11 a.m. on the 5th of October.

The *Defence* left the Fleet for Malta—lucky dogs!

On the 11th of October we left for Port Mahon, sailing and steaming. Our runs for six days were as follows: on 12th 67 knots, 13th 80, 14th 76, 15th 66, 16th 87, 17th 82—giving an average speed per hour of 3.16 knots. No Fleet evolutions took place during the passage. Comment is useless, what could have been more dreary. We were at Port Mahon for three days, at Ginotola Bay, Corsica, for one day, and got to Spezia on the 27th of October. At Spezia I got three days' leave and went up-country on a walking tour with Noel, one of the midshipmen, which was interesting enough.

We left Spezia on the 1st and got to Malta on the 6th of November at 6 p.m., and took up our moorings in the Grand Harbour.

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Opposite the ship were large coal stores, and in one of the buildings was a large room, belonging to the Flag-Ship with two billiard tables, one for the ward-room and the other for the gun-room. One evening I was there with the three other *Liverpool* midshipmen. All the ward-room officers had left, except the chief engineer. He came to our table where we were playing "penny shell out," and took a cue. We resented this as he did not play at the ward-room table. When we finished our game he said something about "bad manners", which made us furious; we told him what we thought of him, and were not complimentary. He went off to the ship and we followed later.

When we reported ourselves to the officer of the watch, a good fellow, he said, "What have you youngsters been doing? The Chief came off. He said 'you were a lot of young ruffians,' and that he had gone in the peril of his life." We had not touched the man, but something might have been said about giving him a ducking. Very foolish of course. He, the officer of the watch, said, "Wait till my relief comes up at eight bells and let him have a look at you."

Next day we were had up before the Commander. Of course the chief engineer made the worst of it, and painted a picture in lurid colours. The officers of the first and middle watches spoke in our favour, and said they came on board at 11.30, reported themselves; they were perfectly quiet and told us about what had happened. The next day we appeared before the Captain, and the edict was:

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we were to be separated and be sent to different ships in the Fleet. We were told that we were not fit for the Flag-Ship. Thus the four months in the *Lord Warden* were over, and I was thankful for I detested the ship.

One of the subs. said after we had left the ship, "Thank God those young devils have gone, now we may have some quiet in the mess!"

On Saturday, the 25th of November, 1871, I joined H.M.S. *Caledonia*, Captain E. Lambert, Commander Harry Stephenson, A. K. Wilson,[1] Gunnery, and I think First Lieutenant.

I had fallen on my feet, I chortled with joy. In the mess were a lot of my chums, not least, Old John Marks, late of the *Phoebe* in the Flying Squadron. My first meeting with the Commander was next day. About 7 a.m. I with other midshipmen were having our baths under a screen on the half-deck. I was singing in my bath when the sentry on the half-deck put in his head and said, "The Commander wants to know the name of the young gentleman making that horrible noise". At 8 p.m. I had my first interview with the Commander. I did not know that we were close to his cabin, but made no excuse. "Leave stopped for a fortnight." I was given charge of the first cutter and a few days afterwards, on reporting my boat, he gave me my leave back again. He never again stopped my leave. My boat was always clean and smart, I, the coxswain and the crew were proud of her as the smartest boat in the ship. This sounds like swagger.

[1] Afterwards Admiral of the Fleet.

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Life at Malta. Plenty of drills. On Thursday afternoon, make-and-mend-clothes' day, Saturday afternoon we were free to go on shore. Everything was ridiculously cheap. A drive up from the Marina to the Strada Reale—threepence. Tobacco, owing to no duty, cheap, also good. We midshipmen were not eligible as members of the Union Club, and I daresay we had no wish to join, as we should have always have been knocking up against the various Captains and Commanders. We had our own meeting-place in Old Marish's shop—a tobacconist, where we had a room. Every evening before going on board at 10 p.m. we had a meal—generally buttered eggs and a glass of beer for sixpence or ninepence. If we were musically inclined there was a very good Opera, the stalls costing two shillings. Plenty of good horses, small Barbary Barbs, about 13 to 13.2 hands. Lots of sailing boats to hire, half-decked latteen sail and a jib, easily handled by two boys. One forenoon, Saturday, John Marks and I hired one, we sailed round to the Quarantine harbour. The wind freshened and we returned: on beating up Bighi Bay she capsized in a sudden squall and lay on her side, I clambered out on the hull and cut away the jib. We could not right her and down she went. We struck out for the hospital, the nearest shore which was down wind. We were swimming in our clothes, boots and all. We had been swimming for some time when I heard a shout "All right, saire", and felt a boat-hook in my neck. We were picked up by a Maltese in a Dhaisa. He saw us capsize and had run down with the wind; he took

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us on board. We rewarded the man and shifted. In the afternoon the Commander very kindly let us have the pulling pinnace with the gunner, and we started to drag for the boat. After several drifts the man holding the line of the grapnel called out, "I have got her". The line was passed along the boat and we all began to haul in—very heavy she was. At last when we sighted the grapnel—we had picked up the submarine telegraph cable! We hung the cable, cleared the grapnel, and let the cable go to the bottom again, and said nothing about it. We did not get the boat, but the Maltese did, and after paying a small sum for damage the incident was closed.

On the 21st of December we slipped from our buoy and went to sea. Outside we made sail, single reefed top-sails and top-gallant sails. The force of the wind was 7—and the old girl did 7.8 knots. We anchored off the Island of Milo from the 25th to the 27th, and went on to Smyrna arriving on the 28th. We were taking stores for the excavations at Ephesus.

We landed a lieutenant, sub., a midshipman, and twenty men who went up by train to Ephesus. I went up to see them later, and found them as happy as grigs. They had taken to digging as if to the manner born. I got a sketch of the old church at Ephesus and put it in my log.

On the 29th and 30th of January we were hoisting in and securing marble that had come down from the excavations at Ephesus, where our party had been helping. What I describe as marble in my

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log, was probably statues, etc., and was sent to London from Malta. Robbing the Turk, but I do not suppose the Turk minded as he got backsheesh.

We got to Malta on the 6th of February and anchored in Bighi Bay, in quarantine!

On the 8th we got pratique and went to our moorings. We had a long spell at Malta. I see the 19th of March "Sighted H.M.S. *Lord Clyde*, in tow of H.M.S. *Lord Warden* off the harbour." The former went into dock. As she went into dry dock she must have been bumping somewhere, but I don't remember.

On the 19th of April the pulling regatta came off and we got five first and five second prizes. Very good. The whole Fleet went for a cruise to Naples and we returned at the end of May.

On the 18th of June we all left for our summer cruise. At the end of it we were to go home and pay off, as we had been three years in Commission. I hoped that I might go home in November, but was doubtful as I had not been two years on the station. We went to Gibraltar, then stood out to the westward and went north on the 15th meridian. Vigo; then more cruising—Corunna, Ferrol, Vigo again, where we got our orders to go home and pay off.

On the 2nd of September the Commander-in-Chief inspected the ship. He sent for me and very kindly said, "I hear that you have done very well on board the *Caledonia*. Would you like to come back to the Flag-Ship?" I was in an awful predicament. I thanked him for his kindness, and said

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that in a short time I should have to pass for lieutenant, and that if possible I should like to pass in England, as I could then go at once to the *Excellent* (gunnery ship) and the R.N. College. He granted my request, but I am afraid he was not pleased. I was delighted, I wanted to see the last of the old *Caledonia*, and I had had enough of the Mediterranean and flag-ships.

On the 5th of September we sailed, homeward bound with a long paying-off pendant flying from the main truck, the end with a gilt bladder floating in the water a long way astern of us. The gulls could not make it out. We were cheered by the Fleet on leaving.

We anchored in Plymouth Sound on the 10th of September, 1872, and on the 12th went up harbour and secured alongside the Sheerhulk *Kent;* on the 23rd we went alongside the dockyard, and paid off on the 25th of September. I went home on leave and had a very good time shooting. I was appointed to the *Hercules* in the Channel Fleet. As she was at Lisbon I was ordered to join her by one of the Royal Mail Line.

We left Southampton. It blew very hard in the Channel, with a heavy sea, on our way to Cherbourg, where we had to call; I was having a sleep in the afternoon in my cabin, and was chucked out on the deck by a heavy roll. At dinner that night Lieutenant Ranier, who was also on passage to Lisbon, and I were the only passengers at dinner!

I joined the *Hercules*, moored in the Tagus, on the 3rd of December, 1872, Captain J. M. Dowell,

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Commander Harry Rawson, First Lieutenant Burnell. W. H. May and Hugh Gough two of the lieutenants. We had a fine roomy mess with open ports. We also had good large, lock-up lockers for our logs, books, etc. I found lots of chums. Chumpy Muirhead, Percy Scott and others.

I was stationed at sail drill, first at the fore top-mast crosstrees. It was a lively job, when upper-yards and masts were sent on deck. It was all right when the yards came down, but when the mast came down there was nothing to hold on to, and one was left on the bare crosstrees. Before long I was promoted to midshipman of the foretop. The foretopmen were a first-rate lot, and I soon got to know all their names. The two captains of the foretop, first-class petty officers were first-class seamen. Occasionally during the afternoon watch, when we were under sail and all was quiet, I stole up the lee rigging, taking care that the officer of the watch did not see me. Once in the top, and out of sight from the deck, the captain of the top and I enjoyed a smoke.

A lively Christmas Day.

On the 7th of December we left for Madeira with the Fleet. We went outside for a couple of days for target practice, and one night the signal was made for night quarters. No previous warning was given; the bugle sounded any time between midnight and 4 a.m. The mizzen-top boys, whose duty it was to rouse us, lash up our hammocks and take them on deck, failed to wake me. I slept through the whole show, an eighteen-ton gun firing blank

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charges over my head on the main deck. In the morning in the bathroom I heard all about night quarters. Fortunately no one missed me, or the consequences would have been unpleasant for me. I found the boy who should have roused me, and lashed up my hammock, and scrubbed his ear.

Our Christmas day—At 3.45 a.m. on the 25th of December, it was blowing with heavy squalls. The *Northumberland* anchored ahead of us dragged her anchors, and drifted down across our ram. She carried away our jibboom, the foretop-gallant mast came down, and we lost several minor spars. We spent all the forenoon clearing away the damage.

When the *Northumberland* reached Malta she was dry-docked, and the damage could be ascertained. I have a drawing in my log, to scale, of the damage. One plate ripped right across, two others dented in and cracked; one frame exposed, leaving a large hole. On the opposite page is a photo of our ram. "Cause and effect". On the 26th of December we left Madeira with the starboard division, and escorted the *Northo* to Gibraltar. We had a fair wind all the way, with fresh breezes and did ten knots under double-reefed top-sails and steam. We got in on the 29th of December. On the 8th of January, 1873, the *Northo* left under escort for Malta, where she went into dry dock, and was repaired. On the 18th of January, the Fleet left for Teneriffe. On the 26th we hove to off the town at 8 a.m., and sent the cutter in with the stewards for supplies. At 10 a.m. the cutter returned and we filled and stood to the northward for Gibraltar,

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where we got in on the 3rd of February. On the 13th we left again in company with H.M.S. *Agincourt* for Lisbon, where we were inspected by Rear-Admiral R. McDonald.

On the 27th of March we were again cruising off Lisbon. In the forenoon we were firing our heavy guns at a target; in the afternoon we hoisted out all our boats, manned and armed, and they also fired at a target.

The Atlantic was in a good temper and the sea was calm, but it was a risky job.

On one of the many nights when we were cruising off Lisbon, we were under sail with fires banked. It was my first watch and after 10 p.m. We had the wind on the starboard beam, and were in the weather line. The ship in spite of helm bore up, and stood gaily for our opposite number in the lee line; I called the Captain at once, sails were furled, and before we could get steam on her we were doing a good roll. The heavy shot in racks on our half-deck had carried away. The Commander, fearful of the inlaid woodwork which decorated the flat, was out of his cabin and embracing an 18-in. shot! The shot were secured, but a cask of beer in the engineers' mess pantry burst through the door and spilled on a hatch-way combing; the beer ran into the scuppers to the delight of the mizzen-top men, and I collared a ham! It had come from the engineers' mess. I as senior midshipman of the watch went round the mess deck and cleared up; by this time it was 12 o'clock and we were steaming along peacefully. The midshipmen of the first and middle

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watch had a grand supper off the engineers' ham!

Next morning at breakfast, Nemesis, in the person of the gun-room steward, appeared with the extra book.[1] He read out Mr. C., Mr. M., and all the other ham-eaters. We were charged with 1s. each! But still it was a ripping good ham!

On the 26th of April we left the Tagus for Spithead. Having acquired a taste for ham, Middlemas and I bought a cooked one. It was kept under lock and key in my locker. We had plenty of friends when we had our ham out, and at last only the polished bone was left. One day in the gun-room I was idly turning over the things in my ditty-box, when my neighbour said, "What is that?" I said, "It is a lump of iron pyrites that I got out of the gold mine at Ballarat when I was in the *Liverpool*." He took it in his hand. "It is jolly heavy, I believe it is gold!" The next time I was at "Pompey" I took it to Emanuel, a jeweller on the Hard, and he pronounced that it was gold. A small nugget. It was eventually mounted as a tie-pin, but was so heavy that I could not wear it.

We got to Spithead on the 3rd of May, on the 5th we went up harbour, were dry-docked, where the bottom was scraped and painted. The ship had a good clean-up, painted, etc. in preparation for the Shah of Persia's review at Spithead.

About this time Muirhead went up for his lieutenant's examination; tail-coat, dirk, etc., the usual dress for an examination. After a time old

[1] "Extra Book". A record of any extras such as sardines, etc., which we may have had during the previous twenty-four hours.

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Chumpy reappeared—"Got a first-class." We fell on him and tore the tail coat off his back and reduced it to rags—it was filthy.

He was brilliantly clever. After taking first-class certificate in the *Excellent* (gunnery ship) and at the R.N. College, he had a further six months' study, and passed as instructor. It was a new idea of the Admiralty, an experiment. How long it lasted I can't say. I lost sight of him, and years after I heard of him in a surveying camp in the Rocky Mountains for the new C. P. Railway. He had left the Service.

To return to the review: on the 18th of June the ship assembled. The Fleet was moored in three lines from Spithead to long past Stokes Bay. Two columns of heavy ships, eleven ships in each column. One column of nineteen light ships.

On the 23rd of June, a very fine day, the Shah steamed through the lines. It was a fine sight with all the ships dressed, yards manned and saluting. There were hordes of pleasure craft, yachts and steamers.

The various fleets dispersed in a day or two, and left the Channel Fleet in possession of Spithead.

When Muirhead passed and became an acting sub-lieutenant I became the senior midshipman. I took a very special interest in the youngsters. There were two or three very promising ones. Sturdee was one of them. I looked after them well, saw that they were not hustled about by the others, and had time to keep up their logs; I also saw that they were smart and active, by a little use of the stick

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occasionally, perhaps to keep them lively. Years afterwards in 1923, my wife and I were coming out of the ladies' room in the Senior (United Service Club), when we met Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Doveton Sturdee. My wife said something to him of his wonderful career. He said, "Yes, it was owing to the way your husband took care of me in the *Hercules*."

I had sent a donation to the "Save the *Victory*" Fund. On the receipt of my cheque, he wrote: "It reminds me of how you looked after me in the *Hercules* in 1873-4."

On the 5th of July, the Fleet left Spithead for Trondhjem, touching at Leith on the way, for the Coronation of King Oscar. He was the King of Sweden, and was to be crowned as King of Norway at the Cathedral at Trondhjem.

On Monday, the 14th of July, we anchored in Orland Bay, twenty-five miles from Trondhjem. The passage through the Islands was most beautiful. The sun rose at 2 a.m., and it was twilight all night. Orland was quite a small place, with a few farms and fishermen's houses. We had to wait till the Prince of Wales arrived in the *Enchantress*.

On the 15th in the evening we got the jolly-boat and went out fishing. We saw the Queen of Norway pass in a frigate through the fleet; yards manned and ships saluting; with the evening light and the mountains, it made a charming picture. The King had come in, in the morning. The Queen joined the King and they steamed off to Trondhjem; it was about 9 p.m.

The Queen's frigate followed and ran on shore.

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The Fleet sent their boats, but she got off with the rising tide!

On the 16th the *Enchantress* was sighted with the Prince on board; we followed him up to Trondhjem, and anchored at 9 p.m. We found there four Prussian, four Swedish and Norwegian and one Dane. More saluting!

On the morning of the Coronation, the 18th, two tickets came for the gun-room. We tossed for them and I got one; they were for seats in the Cathedral. We landed at 9.30, and the Prince shortly afterwards. We formed a procession, and marched to the Palace, and from there to the Cathedral, headed by the Admiral. The half-mile from the Palace to the Cathedral was spread with red cloth, and lines of children on each side. There was some difficulty at the Cathedral, but we found our places at last, fairly good ones. The clergy in their robes ranged themselves on either side of the transept to await the King. Trumpets sounded, then the King appeared, a very tall fine-looking man, followed by his officers of State. Then the Queen and the Prince of Wales, looking very smart in his uniform.

The King and Queen were on opposite sides of the altar. It was a fine sight with all the court robes, and the various uniforms. The service began, very good music, a fine organ and a long sermon, which we could not naturally understand a word of.

Then the King was brought up and crowned. The trumpets sounded, and the herald proclaimed him King of Norway and Sweden. The Queen was then crowned; she looked pale and tired. No

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wonder, for we had been in church for over three hours.

Before we left, I joined a party and went up-country by train for a couple of days to fish for trout; we put up in very queer quarters in a small farm. It rained in torrents all the time, and we only caught one fish, 1-lb. in weight. The cream and cranberries were all right. I went to a State ball the night before we left. First there was a procession of the royalties, then dancing. We got on board at 1.30 a.m. and weighed. I had the morning watch, so had to turn out at 4 a.m. We stopped at Bergen for the night, and at Leith on the 29th to coal, arriving at Spithead on the 3rd of August, after a very pleasant cruise.

We left on the 12th, picked up the "Gobby Ships" (the Coast Guard ships), and started for our Summer Instruction Cruise, dull enough work. We called in at Holyhead and Plymouth where the Prince of Wales visited the *Devastation*. On the 24th of August the royal yacht came out of harbour, passed the Fleet, who manned yards and saluted. We left the Sound on the 31st of August, and arrived at Portland the same day. We were five weeks at Portland, and enjoyed ourselves. I was now in charge of the first cutter which gave me a good deal of work, and not much chance of the shore. The alternate weeks that my boat was up, and the second cutter on duty, I got my chance. I made friends with a man and his wife, both young, who were awfully kind to me, and many is the time I drove with them, and dined with them; alas, their

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name is gone, and I don't remember—I never met them again. The "Cutter", a well-known inn near the pier, and known to all naval men, was the resort of the gun-room officers, waiting for their boats at Weymouth pier to go off to their ships.

On the 4th of October we left for Spithead and arrived the same day.

I found my people at Sea View, in the Isle of Wight, with the *Triton*, a 25-ton cutter. I had a fair amount of leave, thanks to my father calling on the Captain, and had a good time.

On the 20th of October, as my time as a midshipman had nearly expired, I was discharged to the *Duke of Wellington*. The Channel Fleet went to sea on 22nd.

Captain Dowell gave me a very good certificate: "With sobriety, and very much to my satisfaction."

On the 28th of October the fatal day arrived. I put on my tail-coat and dirk and went up to the fore-cabin with my log and certificates. I was the first to be examined, for there were three of us. Captain Richard Wells was one of my Captains, another, and the Commander of the *St. Vincent*.

Captain Wells opened the ball, asking me questions; the others looked over my logs, which were full of plans, drawings and track charts. I was asked to fit a ship out, getting masts, etc., in, storing provisions. One of my examiners asked, "How do you stow your casks?" my reply at once, "Bung up and bilge free." Many years after I should have remembered my early teaching. I left a cask of Marsala for some time in my cellar without chocking

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it up, i.e. resting on its bilge. The cask, a large one, began to leak. I at once chocked it up, freeing the weight on its bilge, and the leak stopped.

My examination lasted one and a half hours. I was told I had got a first-class and was commended on my watch-keeping experience, and my logs. I thanked my examiners, when I got to the door, bolted below—I was seized by the next candidate, "What did you get—a first? Lucky dog. What did they ask you?"

I got below to the gun-room and stood drinks. My outfitter had provided me with a frock coat, but the single stripe had not been sewn on. My pals on my arrival took the coat to the ship's tailor and the stripes were sewn on. A tot of grog for the tailor.

I was now an acting Sub-Lieutenant and had to go through the *Excellent* for gunnery, then to the R.N. College at Greenwich. I had to join the Gunnery ship on 9th of November, so went on leave.

I joined the *Excellent* on the 9th of November. We were a class of about fifteen or twenty. We dined at the College in the dockyard, at 10 p.m. we had to tramp through the yard, and go off from the north corner on board the ship to sleep. This was a most unpleasant practice, especially if it were raining. After one night, I got leave from the Commander to take lodgings where Lieutenant Acland had rooms in St. Thomas's Square. He was on the Staff of the *Excellent*, so on the strength of this I was given leave. Our landlady, Mrs. Parsons, was a delightful person, very stout, rather red in

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the face. She was very fond of dressed crab, and used to suggest it for my evening meal. In the evening a petty officer from the ship used to come in and coach me and a friend. I passed out with only a second class. Tables A and B stumped me. I could not learn by heart the columns of figures and weights. Table A consisted of weights, bore, length and mountings of all guns in the Service, many of which I had never seen. Table B, weights of all charges. One question I was asked—Viva voce exam.: "How many balls, and what are their weight in a certain shrapnel shell?" I did not know, and said so. What an absolutely useless system. I got on all right with my drills, heavy gun, Musket and Squad drill, but as I said before, Tables A and B did for me.

I went on leave for Christmas and early in January joined the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, very glad to have finished with the *Excellent* and the "Bow-and-Arrow Men."

Our sleeping quarters were not luxurious. They were simply wooden partitions in a long gallery, with a stone floor and no heating. The mess was very comfortable, we dined all together, senior and junior officers.

Four of the subs hired a four-oar boat and most afternoons, when our work was done, pulled up, either to London Bridge, or down to Woolwich, according to the tide. We all landed, had a pint of "shandy gaff" and pulled home.

We used to meet coal barges drifting up the river with the tide. Their crew, three men, two with long

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sweeps, and one at the rudder. Not much use as a means of progression, but only used to keep the barge clear of shipping.

We laid on our oars, out of range from lumps of coal, and asked the bargees some very rude questions, put in a very polite manner—a shower of coal, that fell short, and oh, the awful language!

Our crew was: bow, Dicken; No. 2, Wingfield; No. 3, myself; stroke, Wates Corbett; the cox, I have forgotten. We used to pull hard, and very seldom fooled about with the bargees. We were out in all sorts of weather, and it kept us fit. On the 15th of September, 1874, our term passed out.

All that summer there had been talk of an Arctic Expedition for next year. I was wild to go. As a youngster, Kane's *Arctic Exploration* had more to do with sending me to sea than anything else.

On leaving college, I should have joined the *Duke* till I got an appointment to some ship. I wanted to remain on the spot, and to work all the interest I could, so I applied to be "discharged to the shore" for three months. It meant loss of time, and pay, and that some subs junior to me would go over my head. It did not matter, it insured that I should not be sent off out of England. Those three months were spent in writing to anyone I knew. I got a very kind letter from Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hornby, saying he would help me, also others from some of my old Captains. My father acted like a hero, and wrote on my behalf to many of his friends. December arrived, my three months were up and I must join

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the *Duke*. Nothing was known as yet of the appointments.

I found the gun-room full of subs; all had applied for the Arctic, and all talked of their chances, *ad nauseam*. I was very quiet and said nothing. I felt it too much. December went on, and one morning came an Admiralty wire: "Sub-Lieut. Conybeare appointed to H.M.S. *Research* in the Mediterranean." I sent a wire to my people with the bad news, saying I was coming home for a few days on leave. I sadly packed my bag and went on shore to the "Nut" to wait for an evening train to Winchester. About 4 p.m. I got a message from the Commander of the *Duke*: "Your appointment to *Research* cancelled."

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CHAPTER II

ARCTIC EXPEDITION

JANUARY, 1875, *TO DECEMBER*, 1877

I went on board, stupefied, but with some hope. That evening one of the lieutenants came on board and said, "I saw a wire at the Club giving the names of the appointments, and you and Egerton are the two subs. He to the *Alert* and you to the *Discovery*."[1] My bad time was over, I had got what I wanted more than anything else in the world, and I was very thankful.

Next morning, before going on leave, I was surrounded in the mess by subs. "Hullo, you are not keen about it—you never said a word." "Will you exchange?" Not much doing—and so went home to a very happy and triumphant family. I spent Christmas at home. One day in mid-January I was shooting in a wood, with the keepers, when at 11 our small carriage tore up with my bag. A wire had just come for me to present myself on board the *Victory* for my medical examination. I caught a train at Winchester and was at Portsmouth by 2 p.m. I tore along the Hard and the Logs, got on board, found the doctors all ready. I was told to

[1] At that time I was not a member of the R.N. Club.

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strip. The cabin was cold, only a small fire in a distant stove. I was winded with my rush on board and the P.M.O. asked me what I was blowing for. He was examining my heart. I told him that I had run all the way from the station as I could not get a cab! I was kept more than half an hour, without a rag on, and then was told that I was passed as perfectly sound. I was in fine condition, and my weight was just twelve stone. I went to town and stayed with Muirhead, the brother of Chumpy. We did a lot of theatres and studios; he was an artist. I went down to Portsmouth early in April to be ready for Commissioning the *Discovery*. At the Museum in the Dockyard, Sir Leopold McClintock, of Arctic fame, now was the Dockyard Admiral, had put up one of our tents, some of the sledges, cooking-pots, ice-saws, etc., so that the public might have some idea of our work.

On the 15th of April, 1875, Lieutenants L. A. Beaumont, Robert Archer, W. Rawson, R. B. Fulford, Sub-Lieutenant Crawford Conybeare and Dr. Belgrave Ninis having joined. Captain H. F. Stephenson commissioned the *Discovery* and I hoisted the pennant.

(*Note.*—The two engineers Cartmell and Miller, had been appointed before the paymaster, and our second doctor joined next day.)

The *Alert* commissioned at the same time. That afternoon the two commanding officers went on board the hulk to prepare the draught of men; they came on board next day. A fine sturdy lot of fellows! There were three old ships of mine in our lot. The men were all hulked on board in the stream. Egerton

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the sub, in the *Alert* (my opposite number), myself and Rawson had to go off with the men after work, and one of us in turn had to remain on board to look after the men and the Hulk; very few were on board, as most of them had leave at night as they were Portsmouth men.

A train was standing in the yard near the two ships, with all our stores. The pemmican, bacon and preserved meat were all in tins. The chocolate, tea, sugar in boxes, and it was a job stowing our holds. Rawson and I worked with the men in the holds, fitting cases and tins in, so that not an inch of space should be lost.

One day Sir Leopold came on board, "Where is Conybeare?" "In the forehold, sir." I heard my name, looked up and saluted. I was in my shirt-sleeves and very dirty.

"I want you at the Museum to-morrow, as you are so well engaged at present." Next day I had a practical lesson. I had to fill the lamp of the cooker with stearine, arrange the wick, and boil the water. We then cooked some pemmican, and I was *au fait* with the cooking!

We stowed our salt provisions, in casks, in the two foreholds. Coal was used as dunnage to make the casks fit well. Four tons of coal in one hold, five tons in the other. Rawson superintended one hold and I the other—a dirty job.

On the 6th of May, Rear-Admiral Sherrard Osborne, C.B., died. He was a well-known "Old Arctic", and one of the Arctic Committee who had supervised our equipment. A splendid man

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as ever was. The two ships half-masted their colours on the day of his funeral in London.

On the 10th of May we unshipped the rudder. A pennant, the standing part fast to a bolt in the deck, is rove through a bush in the rudder, the other end is brought to the purchase. It is pulled up till clear of the pintles, then lowered till the rudder head is clear of the well, canted, lowered and finally hoisted by two slip pennants up to two stout derricks over the stern. It is then out of harm's way, in case of an ice nip. We had to do it many times when we were beset in the ice. In such a case the rudder is the most vulnerable part of the ship. We carried a spare rudder as well. The screw can also be raised if necessary.

Crowds of people visited the ship, which delayed the work on board, but we had to put up with it, for they all showed such an interest in the expedition.

On the 19th we got our boats, nine in all, from White of Cowes. One was fitted for taking on a sledge and two of the whalers were fitted with a harpoon gun, and first-rate boats they were, like all White's work.

On the 20th the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Edinburgh and Cambridge, came on board, and had a look round.

On the 22nd the Empress of the French visited us. The Empress took a lively interest in us, and some time before, desired that one of the officers might be sent to her. Commander Markham of the *Alert* was sent. As he had been for a cruise in a whaler up Baffins Bay, he was able to explain to her some

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of the conditions. She wanted to give all the officers and men some gift that would keep them warm. She, a Lady-in-Waiting and Markham, discussed many plans; finally it was decided—a knitted head-piece covering the head and ears closely, leaving the face open and coming down the neck. We called them "Eugenias"—most comfortable they were. We used to put them on in the tent in the evening when we camped for the night, whilst sledging.

After the visit the men of both ships were fallen in, in two lines close to the ship. She walked through the lines. They gave her three hearty cheers that made the old dockyard ring. She was told that the men would be much pleased if she would say a few words to them. She said that she was much pleased that her little gift had been so much appreciated. She wished us God-speed, and a safe return. She was a very gentle lady.

After she left, the two ships companies were marched up, under the Command of Lieutenant Giffard of the *Alert* and myself, to the Town Hall at Southsea, where the Mayor entertained them at dinner.

In the forenoon of the 29th, Mr. Ward Hunt, the first Lord and the other Commissioners of the Admiralty inspected the ships.

I said good-bye to all my people who came on board after their lordships had left. My sister Helen was much interested in my cabin. "What a funny little cabin, it is quite snug!" It was so in both senses. The bunk, sleeping berth, was athwart ship, so that if the ship rolled I stood

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alternately on my head and my feet. There were drawers under the bunk, a small washing stand, and I had fitted up shelves for my books, of which I had a good supply given me by my friends. I also hung my pictures. It was so tiny that I could hardly turn round in it. The cabin was outside the ward-room, on the lower deck. Our mess, the ward-room, was very comfortable, a long table down the middle, with seats. The cabins were on either side, were a good deal larger than mine, with the bunks, fore and aft and quite comfortable. A stove at the fore end of the mess, had its pipe brought along the top of the mess and then up through the deck. There was also a good skylight over the mess table. Aft of the mess-room was a small vestibule with a stove, which made a comfortable smoking place in the winter, it also had our small piano. The Captain's quarters were aft.

On the 29th of May, 1875, Oakapple Day, at 4 p.m. the brow was hauled ashore, we cast off, and led by the *Alert* we steamed out of harbour, cheered by a large crowd in the dockyard. Four tugs accompanied us filled by our relations and friends.

We were cheered by the *Duke*, *Victory* and *St. Vincent* as we went out. There was a crowd that began at the Hard and reached round by the Point as far as the Castle. Southsea Beach and Common were black with people. The troops were drawn up in line on the Common and when we passed the whole mass gave us three cheers, a magnificent send-off. We were surrounded by small boats and yachts. I saw the *Triton*, my father's yacht, making her way

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round Bembridge Ledge so as to meet us when we got into the Channel. At 5.15 we were clear of the yachts and made sail. At 6 the *Triton* crossed under our stern. At 8 p.m we hove to and raised the screw, and a boat came from the *Triton* with Lieutenant Gough to wish us good-bye. Rawson and I entrusted him with our last messages. We then filled and stood down channel, after the *Alert*. Our voyage fairly begun. On the 30th, Sunday, by noon we were off Plymouth. We met the *Princess Alice* steaming out of the harbour with dear old Sir Harry Keppel, the Commander-in-chief, who had come to pay us a visit. He left at 1 p.m. All the next day we were hard at work trying to get our upper deck in order. We were lumbered up to our eyes with stores, all were lashed and secured for the prospect of rough weather in the North Atlantic. Captain Nares sent the *Valorous* into Queenstown for letters, with orders to meet us at Bere Haven. The *Valorous* was taking coal and stores for us as far as Disco in Greenland. After that place, we could afford to carry a deck load while in smooth water, which would have been imprudent to carry before.

The *Valorous* was an old steam frigate, with paddle-wheels, which got into trouble when we met the ice off the Greenland Coast.

We got to Bere Haven on the evening of the 31st of May, and had to wait for the *Valorous* with our letters till the morning of the 2nd of June, when we started. For the first few days we had light, favourable winds; on the 10th it came on to blow hard from the north-west, and we were off our course

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standing to the south-west for four days. The starboard whaler was washed away. We found our patent top-sails a great saving of labour, for we could reef easily with the watch only.

The following is a tale of an old "Salt Horse", and may be skipped by non-nautical readers. I may say that there were two ways of taking in a course when blowing hard, two schools in fact. It was just at the end of my first watch. We were braced up on the starboard tack, reefed top-sails and courses, blowing hard, wind increasing and the ship labouring. The Captain had come on deck. He said, "take the main-sail off her." I eased off the main sheet, with hands on the lee clewgarnet and bunt lines, enough to take some of the weight out of the sail without shaking it. I then put all hands of the watch on the weather clewgarnet and bunt lines; very carefully eased away the main tack, took up the weather clew then the lee clew. The sail came in without a shake. I then sent the watch aloft to furl the sail.

The Captain had stood beside me watching, and did not say a word till the sail was in. He then said, "Who taught you to take in a main-sail like that?" I replied, "Captain Hopkins in the *Liverpool*"; he said, "Very well done," and went below.

When the men came down from aloft after furling the sail, I saw the ship's cook, an A.B., who had been aloft. I said to him, "What were you doing on the main yard?" "I thought, sir, they might want a hand, so went aloft." Good man.

In the bad weather I slept in a hammock out-

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side my cabin, as owing to my bunk being athwart ship, when the ship tacked I had to change ends, which was not conducive to rest.

On the 14th of June I turned out and found the men's mess-deck awash, and full of smoke. Our mess was no better; the only light was a single candle; we were battened down and no daylight. Smoke had come from forward, and the deck was all wet. I ate my breakfast, a kipper, sitting jammed in a corner, as water was coming down on our mess table. All hands, officers and men, were most cheerful, I never heard a growl. After our four days' gale we had a few days of fine weather and were making ten knots an hour on our course. The temperature of the air and sea fell. We were getting near ice. On the 28th at 1 a.m. we sighted our first iceberg—most of the officers turned out to look at it; by 2 p.m. we were passing through loose ice. We sighted land to the west of Cape Farewell, Cape Desolation.

The 1st of July was a perfect day; very little ice about, we had passed through the worst of it. The ice we met was heavy pack ice, and probably had come down from the east side of Greenland and had been swept round Cape Farewell. The ice being heavy and the pieces of deep flotation, care had to be taken not to strike them. We unavoidably bumped into one, which brought us up all standing. The officer of the watch had the distinction of striking the first ice; but the Captain had something to say to him. That evening we sighted the *Alert* having lost sight of her in the last gale. We stopped

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and the Captain went on board to see Captain Nares. It was a flat calm, we were steaming up the land. The snow-covered mountains showing up clearly against the sky. Most of the officers were up, smoking aft. It was much too beautiful to turn in.

On the 3rd we sighted Sukhertopen, a well-known mountain. On the 4th we crossed the Arctic Circle, and had the sun day and night. The 5th we were ninety-five miles from Disco, at 4 p.m., forty-nine bergs were in sight. One we passed was 131 feet high. Roughly, floating ice has one foot above water, and seven to eight feet below water. This would give the total height of this enormous mass as about 1,000 feet. The height of 131 feet was taken by a sextant.

On July 6th at 9 a.m. we were near the entrance to Disco. The channel was narrow, the harbour land-locked and surrounded by high hills, the tops sparsely covered with snow. We anchored, the *Alert* went alongside the *Valorous* to coal and provision. She had got in before us. After all our tossing about, we were thankful to find ourselves in the quiet harbour. The Esquimaux came out in their kayaks and paddled round the ship. They are most difficult to manage; one of us tried one and promptly turned over. He was righted and pulled out, to the great delight of the natives. The next day I got on shore and helped our paymaster, Mitchell, to take photos; some were very good, especially those of our old friends the Icebergs aground. I landed in the evening, heard music in a shed, found dancing going on; the Esquimaux ladies are passionately fond of

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it. I had two or three dances and came outside. The smell inside the shed was too awful. The ladies wear sealskin breeks like the men, but more ornate, and do their hair in a sort of top-knot.

Mitchell and I went for a walk another evening with our guns. We walked up the river, crossing it where necessary by the snowbridge, the water making an awful noise as it ran underneath. We got to the upper ridge, 1,500 feet, and looked round. We could see Greenland, and the whale fish islands, much raised by refraction. Icebergs were scattered about in all directions. When sitting on the ridge, we heard rumbling like distant guns, and saw one of the bergs split up. Far below us we saw a fresh-water lake. On it was our canvas boat. When we got on board at 10 p.m. Rawson and Hart turned up, very wet; they had been in the boat and had shot two pintail ducks and two phalaropes. On the 13th, in the afternoon, Archer and I went on shore to sketch. I tried a grounded berg near the harbour mouth. The mosquitoes were very tiresome, and I came on board, with both hands swollen from their bites! On the 14th we finished coaling; 193 tons, and provisioning. Our upper deck was crowded, all the space between the fore and main mast; casks of pork and flour. Depot B was stowed aft on either side of the upper deck. There was hardly room to walk about. The *Alert* shipped twenty-four Esquimaux dogs; directly they got on board they started fighting.

They were a fine lot of animals. We weighed at 4.30 p.m. on the 15th of July, and went out in tow

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of the *Alert*. We were bound for Rittenbenk in a channel behind the Island of Disco. Directly we got outside we ran into a thick mist; it lifted after a bit, but next day, 6th, it was worse. We stopped, and could hear the *Valorous* paddling astern of us, could hear the voice of her officer of the watch but could not see her. We got into Rittenbenk about 11 a.m. the 16th; Captain Nares told us that there was a loomery and glacier up a fiord about seven miles away. We took the cutter, five officers and five men and pulled up the fiord. We came to the large loomery, the cliffs were very high, quite unclimbable, and black with birds. We got a fair number, but lots fell back dead on the ledges high up, and we could not reach them. We then sailed up the rest of the fiord where we found a smaller loomery. We got more birds and a good quantity of eggs. We adjourned for supper, a short and scanty meal, mostly sardines and tinned salmon. We then started our climb from the glacier. It was a stiff pull, and we had soon to slacken our speed. When we came to the ridge a magnificent view repaid us.

Below and in front of us lay a large land-locked bay covered with broken pieces of ice. The sea was perfectly still and looked quite black in contrast with the ice. In the distance, the glacier flowed into the bay and reached as far as the eye could see. We began our journey down, when we got to the bottom, Hart, Hodson and I were so hot that we bathed. We came out a good deal quicker than we went in, the water was dreadfully cold. We

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started back at 8.30 p.m., stopping at the small loomery, when we shot a few more looms; the wind had then quite died away, so we had to get our oars out and pulled back to the large loomery. It must have been seven miles away, and we arrived there at 11 p.m. The place was crowded with birds, but nearly all of them out of range. At 12.40 we started back for the ship, Rawson and I pulling the stroke oars; it was a tidy pull, some four miles more, after all the work we had done. We came round the last point to the ship in grand style. We were very hungry when we got on board, but our mess-mates had left us plenty of food. We found some cold mutton; when that was gone the cook turned up with a couple of ducks, and we cleared them off as well. When we were hunting for food I discovered our beer, oh joy! The said beer which was an extra strong brew had been brewed for the expedition by Allsop. It was served out to all hands and a cask lasted three days. We only had a few casks, but it was good! The only thing like it is the "Audit Ale" at Christ Church, Oxford. After our meal, I went on deck for a smoke and had a look at our dogs.

I turned in at 3.30 a.m. and at 6 a.m. (the 17th) was roused out to weigh. The *Valorous* had left at 4 a.m. to coal from a seam of coal on the Disco Coast. At 6 a.m. we started. The ship was full of mosquitoes. All hands got well punished by them. We met a certain amount of sailing ice, going down the Waigat Channel. At 11 p.m. the wind fell and it got very thick. The *Alert* sent a

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boat to an iceberg near, to hang on to. A hole was to be made in the ice to take the ice-anchor, to which the mooring rope is attached. At the first blow of the ice-chisel a large piece of the berg split off, causing the berg to rock backwards and forwards. One man jumped into the boat the other was obliged to struggle as best he could on the slippery surface to the amusement of his ship-mates on the forecastle of the *Alert*, " like a blooming squirrel in a cage," as they expressed it.

At 8 a.m. on the 18th it cleared, and we were soon clear of the Waigat. On the 19th we were off Proven. It was so thick we could not see the entrance, the wind having fallen. There is nearly always a fog in these latitudes in summer in calm weather.

The *Alert* steamed past us, threw us a line and towed us in. It was a little bit of a place with a very small harbour. We had called to pick up Hans, an Esquimaux, an excellent hunter and a first-rate dog driver. He had been North in Smith's Sound in three previous American Expeditions, with Dr. Kane at the age of nineteen in 1853. He came South with him in 1855, when Kane had to leave his ship. With Dr. Hays in 1861 ; lastly with Captain Hall of the *Polaris*, when he spent the winter of 1872-3 drifting on the ice from Smith's Sound to South of Hudson's Straits. He and another Esquimaux, Joe, saved the lives of their companions during the long and bitter winter, by hunting and procuring seals. After this experience, he, after talking to his wife, consented to come with us.

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On the 20th all the officers of both ships were engaged in making a survey of the harbour under Captail Nares' supervision. He was a first-rate surveyor. Hans and his daughter came on board on the 19th and we sailed. The young lady, who with Hans and his wife had spent the winter of 1872-3 on the drifting ice, made herself quite at home on board and by the evening was talking to the men, who were sitting round her, in Esquimaux!

On the 22nd at 1.30 a.m. we were abreast of Sanderson's Hope, we sent a boat away to the loomery and they returned with fifty-one birds. Thick fog set in and we had to feel our way very carefully for we were amongst the islands off Upernavic. Our Esquimaux pilot was quite lost in the fog; however, we saw a man in his kayak and he led us into Upernavic Harbour, at 5 a.m. No one saw us come in as the fog was so thick. Miss Hans left us to join relations on shore. We left our last letters, took in more dogs! and a welcome present of fresh eggs from the Governor. Stations for abandoning the ship were read to all hands. B depot which was stowed on deck, was to be thrown on the ice, then the men's spare kit in knapsacks; boats lowered on the ice, then hauled to a place of safety,—this in case of a severe nip to the ship which might endanger her floating powers.

We left on the evening of the 22nd, and soon ran into a thick fog. The *Alert* had taken a pilot, and hoisted his kayak on board; it was a nasty passage through the islands in the fog. As the distance increased from his home the pilot got more and

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more uneasy and wanted to leave. At Kangitok, the outer island of the group, we had to stop for the fog, the water was too deep to anchor, so for six hours we drifted about, an anxious time. The *Alert* touched ground, and with the falling tide she remained fast. With the rising tide she got off at 12 o'clock none the worse. The weather cleared, the pilot was discharged to his delight and relief, and we proceeded to sea at 4 p.m. On the 23rd, steering west, and steaming six knots an hour in a calm sea to make the middle passage of Melville Bay ice, much dreaded by all the whalers. Captain Nares chose this passage, as the weather was fine and the barometer high and steady, instead of following the usual course round Melville Bay. In the former case, there is a chance of being beset in the ice for several days and drifting South with the ice, in the latter a chance of being nipped against the shore ice, which is fast, by the pack drifting in. He chose the former and he was right.

At 2 a.m. on the 24th of July, we sighted the ice ahead, and took station astern of the *Alert*. At 3.15 a.m. we entered the middle pack, having run sixty-three miles due west from the last island. The ice was loose and rotten, from two to three feet thick. At 8 a.m. the ice was closer, we followed the *Alert* through the leads, occasionally we had to ram a piece that blocked the lead, were sometimes brought up standing, had to go astern and try again. We were generally sent ahead of the *Alert* as our bows were better adapted for charging the ice. The weather was beautiful, the sea calm, and the sky

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cloudless. At noon the ice was all round us and from four to five feet thick. At 1 p.m. a bear was sighted on the pack from the *Alert*. Commander Markham and others got on the ice and gave chase. The bear made off at a good pace across the ice. He was fired at at 460 yards, and finally saved his skin by taking to the water in the distance. At 2 p.m. bear skins were at a premium in the *Alert*, at 2.30 there was a heavy slump. This was the first and only bear seen by the Expedition. After 2 a.m. on the 25th the pack became looser and we steamed easily through it, at 8 a.m. it was more open and could hardly be called pack-ice. At 9.30 a.m. we sighted the high land near Cape York. By 11 a.m. we were fairly through the middle ice in thirty-four hours. We were most fortunate; had a breeze set in while we were amongst the ice we should have been beset in the pack, and at the very least, delayed for several days. At 5.30 p.m. the Captain went on board the *Alert*. He came back and said, "the *Alert* is going to the Carey Islands at the entrance of Smith's Sound to land Depot A, as a stand-by, in case we have to desert our ship in Smith's Sound, and come south in our boats." The *Discovery* was to go into the settlement near Cape York to try and pick up Hans's brother-in-law, as Captain Nares wanted him. Peterson, the Danish interpreter came with the Captain, so that we could communicate with the natives.

We rounded Cape York about 7 p.m. and ran the nose of the ship into the land ice, which filled the bay and made her fast with an ice-anchor.

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Mitchell, with Peterson and Hans, started off for the Settlement four miles away. We had no sooner made the ship fast, when we saw three narwhals (unies), Archer and Fulford took the whaler and went after them. The first shot of the harpoon-gun missed fire, but the second shot was successful, but we did not see it as the boat had disappeared behind a berg. Another came near the ship, the Captain and I fired and hit it. We followed on the ice, but never got near enough for another shot. We had gone some distance on the floe, which was full of holes, some three feet deep and full of water. When we returned they were hoisting the narwhal on board. It was a female with a horn five feet long, which fell to Fulford who had steered the boat. The ice quarter-masters, who were great characters, were Alec Grey, Wm. Dougal and Ed. Taws, all dour Scots from whalers and hailing from Dundee and Peterhead. One day later, when we were in Smith's Sound and were all in the mess, Old Dougal came down from the deck and going to the 1st Lieutenant said, "Number one, the Captain is speering for ye."

But to return to the narwhal. The three ice quarter-masters fell on with their guming-knives, cut off the blubber in strips and cut up the carcase, which was all put in casks for the dogs. Mitchell and the two others returned at 10.30 not having found the man. We cast off and steamed across the bay to another lot of huts and sent the dog-sledge ashore. We had passed between two bergs close enough to throw a biscuit on them; one was higher

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than our mast-heads. Beer was served out, and jolly good it was after a long day. Soon we saw about twenty natives coming off in their dog-sledges. They came on board. They were a queer-looking lot, all small men but very sturdy. Long black hair hanging over their faces, very dirty; their jumpers were so short that a large strip of bare body could be seen. The narwhal was a treat for them. Permission being given, they cut off lumps of raw flesh and devoured it with delight. Mitchell got a very good photo of them on the ice, under our bows. At 5.15 a.m. on the 26th our dog-sledge returned with more natives, but not the man we wanted. The "Arctic" Highlanders were sent away very happy with presents of knives, matches, and ship's biscuit. It was a good policy to let these people know that we were in their country, in case we might want their help later. They had been most useful to Dr. Kane when he had to desert his ship in 1853, and later they had assisted Hayes in his Expedition.

After 5 a.m. we cast off and rounded Cape York. I quote from my journal of that time.

> "To-day we have been passing the crimson cliffs [1] of Sir John Ross, Conical Rock and Wolstenholm Islands. I looked up Dr. Kane and found that he had been only three days later in the season in passing them. I can hardly realize that I am seeing all these places that I had read about as a youngster, and that my dearest wish should be fulfilled."

[1] So called on account of the colour of the snow.

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We were troubled with fog at times, and in the afternoon ran through some loose ice. We sighted the Carey Islands in the evening and later on the *Alert*. At 12.45 a.m. on the 27th we laid to, and sent boats to help the *Alert* with the depot and a large cairn that was built.

We left at 5 a.m. and shortly passed between Hakluit and Northumberland Islands; a lovely day of calm and sunshine. We passed another big berg 292 feet high. One face went sheer down to the water. As a northerly breeze sprang up and freshened we steered for Sutherland Island and passed up its lee. We rounded Cape Alexander at 4 p.m. and at 6 p.m. anchored in a small bay on the north side of Port Foulke. As the wind had freshened and brought a lot of ice down in the straits, Captain Nares determined to remain at anchor the next day, 28th. Port Foulke was an ideal spot for a summer cruise. The bay was small; good anchorage. A glacier came down at the head of the fiord; where it ended the river began. The mountains, snow-topped, rose on either side of the fiord. Game in plenty, musk oxen, reindeer, Arctic hares and a quantity of wild fowl.

From my journal the 29th of July:

"A shooting party was got up, consisting of the Captain, Rawson, Archer, Fulford and myself. At 11 a.m. we started in the cutter, with four men, up the fiord for "Brother John" glacier, taking with us a twelve-man tent and plenty of food. The end of the fiord was reached in an hour's time. We landed and set up the tent. At the foot of the glacier was

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a small lake, a small river flowed from the lake to the fiord. We pitched our tent on the left bank of the river. The others went up the left bank of the river; after they had started Rawson and I spotted a deer on the hill side, over the river. We went after him, getting wet over our sea-boots crossing the river. The deer soon got out of sight, but we continued our way up. When half-way up we saw a white hare, it was out of shot and went up the mountain side. We followed, and soon the climbing got very stiff; we reached the snow edge and found it was too hard and slippery to get up, it sloped at an angle of 40° and extended twenty yards. We tried cutting steps and Rawson who was above me came down with a run on top of me; it was all I could do to hold his weight and mine. We saw it was impossible to get up there, so we skirted along the lower edge to the snow till we came to an easier place where we got up. The top of the plateau was covered with big boulders, making the walking very bad. It was then three o'clock, we had been two hours getting up. We walked along the top for nearly an hour, crossing over a good deal of snow, when we saw a long way ahead of us four reindeer feeding. Rawson struck off to the right and I to the left. We passed a small lake where the deer had been feeding; they kept moving on at a quick walk. We passed over a small outlet of the glacier joining the main part in the valley below, the deer still keeping in front of us, and reached the last top of the range before the glacier. Rawson skirted along the edge and I kept over the top. I had not seen the deer

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since they passed the arm of the glacier. When I reached the top, I saw three people crossing the head of the glacier, soon after I heard four shots in quick succession. I ran to my left and soon saw the deer coming towards me. I crouched behind a rock, and when they were 150 yards to my front, they turned to my left. I fired and apparently missed, they came by on my left at 120 yards. I aimed at the last and fired and saw him go down like a stone. I gave a wild cheer for Rawson's benefit, and went after the others, they were off and over the ridge, and away as hard as they could lay feet to the ground. I went back to the other and to my horror could not find him. I thought I had marked the place where he fell, but everything was so alike he was not to be seen; it took twenty minutes before I found him, behind a rock, on his back, quite dead. The bullet had entered a little before his left shoulder, and had come out in a slanting direction. My first shot had not missed, but had struck his antler. I called Rawson and the others I had seen on the glacier, they turned out to be the Captain, Hart, and Petty, the Captain's steward. We fell to and gutted the deer, we tied his legs together, put our guns through them, and hoisted him. It was very laughable work, the two first could see where we were walking, but the two last could not, and fell and tumbled over every rock. We carried him half a mile to the edge of the mountain looking down on the glacier, and then came to the conclusion that we could not carry him as we had been doing any further. Many ways were suggested, some were

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for sliding the deer down the snow slope on to the glacier, and then getting down a ravine after it. That was overruled by Hart who had seen the crevasses at the foot, and declared that if we tried it deer and all of us would spend the night in a crevasse.

At last the conclusion was come to that we must leave the skin and head behind us. So we four set to work, skinned and quartered the beast, our big knives making good play; each of us took a quarter, and a haversack was filled with the liver and all the spare meat we could get off. We started back at 6.30 p.m. Never shall I forget that walk. We went on bravely enough for the first mile and a half over the rough ground; it might well be called rough! Stones the size of fifty-two gallon casks and upwards, thrown together anyhow, some flat, some pointed. We had our rifles to carry as well as the meat. Just as we left, I determined to bring back some trophy of my first deer, so I cut the right foreleg. It was hard work getting through the snow and we had many halts, getting more tired every time. As we neared the place of our descent Rawson could hardly be kept awake; indeed once he lay down with his face in the snow and fell fast asleep. I had never seen anything like it before; he did not seem very tired, only sleepy. He went along with his eyes half shut, falling about over the stones.

At last we reached the place where we had come up, it was then 11 p.m. Going down was hard work with a rifle across one's back, and a quarter of venison to look after as well. I got on the other side of a ridge from the others and could hear their voices.

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I was afraid Rawson had come to grief, so I hurried down as fast as I could. When three-parts of the way down I saw them coming. Rawson coming down in the most reckless manner, running, sliding and and tumbling amongst the loose rocks. When near the bottom, Archer relieved me of my rifle and the venison, and we heard the good news that food was awaiting us. Before commencing the descent, some of us were so empty that we ate some of the raw venison, it was not bad after one had got rid of the cold clammy feeling that the raw meat gave one. We reached the tent at 12 midnight, having been walking eleven hours, and no food since 8 a.m. No sooner had we got to the tent when soup was given us, vegetable, with little auks swimming in it; after that we fell to on preserved brawn, followed up by reindeer steaks. It would be hard to imagine how we enjoyed that feed, with hot cocoa and a smoke afterwards. We all blessed the good Fulford who had prepared it. At 1 a.m. we started back, pulling, there being no wind and reached the ship at 2.45 a.m. I turned in shortly and was fast asleep in a few minutes in my small cabin, after a long day. I did not wake till 1 p.m., when I found the ship under weigh and steaming towards Cape Isabella on the opposite side of Smith's Sound. The Captain, very kindly had said, 'Don't call him, let him have his sleep out.' Hans, our Esquimaux, was on the sick list, quite knocked up with yesterday's walk. He did not like the stones, they hurt his feet as he had on skin boots only."

The *Alert* landed a cask with a record and built

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a cairn at the Cape, and then we pushed on for Cape Sabine. At 10 p.m. we met the ice, and all the middle watch of the 30th we were steaming through heavy pack-ice four to five feet thick. At 4 we had to make fast to a floe, it snowed all the forenoon and we drifted with the ice to the southward at a mile an hour. At 11.30 we cast off and steamed in for the land. We landed a sledging depot of 240 rations on an island. The ships were made fast to the ice. At 10 p.m. the tide having changed we went out and soon were in ice six to eight feet thick. The ice got closer, and we had a few good bumps.

31*st, after midnight.*—Captain Nares determined to try the east water and we steamed across the straits, but found the ice impenetrable, so we retraced our steps, as the passage to the north was quite blocked, and made fast to the land ice in a small bay to the south of Cape Sabine. We called it "Wait-a-Bit Harbour". We were back again where we had been twenty-four hours before. All the 1st and 2nd of August we were detained; snowing and blowing from the north. The ice was forced up on the point of the bay fourteen and fifteen feet thick. On the 3rd the ice cleared and we went out, and after four hours' struggle against the ice, we came back to our harbour. "Wait-a-Bit" was as desolate a place as one could see, bare rocks, no vegetation and no trace of game. A very different place from Port Foulke on the other side. On the 4th Captain Nares came alongside and told us to get up steam. He was always watching the ice, and never seemed to sleep. At 4 we steamed out,

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finding the ice loose, made sail to a good breeze and rounded Cape Sabine at last. We made for Hayes Sound. As we got in the ice stopped us for an hour; and we then steamed to the head of the bay; it was a bay and not a sound as marked on the charts. The valleys and slopes of the mountains looked quite green. A shooting party started away to see what they could pick up, soon after we anchored. I had to remain on board as it was my duty day. They returned about 9 with Edwards, an A.B., so done up, that I had to send four men on shore to carry him down to the boat. He had completely given in and was unable to walk or speak. At 9 a.m. on the 5th we stood out of our small bay, rounded a small island and stood to the north, up an arm of the Sound, hoping to find an outlet. Before noon we were in the ice, under sail, and at 3 p.m. banked fires and ran her nose into the ice. Both ships were under sail, with a fresh breeze blowing, and not moving an inch; the ships were both so steady, being beset in the ice, that Mitchell was able to get a good photo of the *Alert*.

On the 6th the ice opened, and we steamed to a small bay for shelter. The two captains landed and climbed the hill to see the state of the ice. Several officers landed, with orders to keep in sight of the ship. We found an old Esquimaux Settlement at the foot of Ptarmigan Hill. There were several ruined circular huts built of stones and whalebone, one was nearly perfect. The skull of a musk ox, of several reindeer, a walrus and a hooded seal were found near the huts. A ptarmigan's nest was close

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by—one had been shot on the hill the day before, hence the name. It was the first we had seen in Smith's Sound.

The two Captains returned at 1.40 p.m. having seen open water outside, so we started and rounded Henry Island. We made our way north till 8 p.m., when we saw the pack-ice ahead. It was so close and heavy that we made fast to the edge of a floe, and were soon surrounded by ice and could not move. We prepared for a nip, hoisted the screw, unshipped the rudder and braced the yards fore and aft. Shortly after midnight on the 7th, we saw a large berg moving slowly down on the *Alert*. Captain Nares signalled to us, "Take care of the berg." It was a very large one, and had a tongue-piece like a ploughshare. It ploughed up the ice as it came down through the pack-ice. The *Alert* had a very narrow escape as it made straight for her, and passed along her, broadside, for she was unable to move, being closely beset in the ice.

We were both beset till 8 a.m., when the ice opened and we steamed about a mile to the eastward and made fast to a low berg that gave us some shelter, for the ice had closed in again. We were drifting with the ice to the southward at the rate of one mile an hour. At 6 p.m. we determined to try and bore our way through the pack which was from eight to twelve feet thick, and try and reach the land water. We had to go astern to clear a space, and then ram the ice. When the stem, which was well shod with iron, touched the ice, the ice rose and the weight of the ship broke the ice. At last

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the *Alert* came to a standstill, Captain Nares hailed us to give him a lead. We passed him, breaking through the ice and crushing it in fine style. It was most exciting work. At 10 p.m. we had to stop as the ice had got more heavy. We had made about three miles in four hours' hard work.

At 1 a.m. on the 8th the ice opened and we were able to steam through to the land ice, and at 9 a.m. we were again beset near the land.

At 1.30 p.m. as the ice was setting inshore we forced our way through and reached an open water space. At 5.30 the *Alert* got through and we had to force our way through the ice for two miles before we could reach an open lane of water leading to Franklin Pearce Bay. Fires were lighted in the second boiler and at 6.5 p.m. we steamed full-speed at about seven knots and charged the ice. There was no great shock and we went through the ice almost without a check, rising and falling like a ship in a sea-way. When we reached the "lane" we were doing the same number of revolutions that we had done on our trial trip at Spithead. Good for our two engineers—Cartmell and Miller. At 10 p.m. we were through and made fast to the land ice in Franklin Pearce Bay, after a very exciting two days.

From the 9th to 12th of August we lay in our small bay near Cape Prescot; the ice was very close packed to the north, and we could not move. We employed the time hunting walrus. The *Alert* got two big ones with fine tusks. We were unlucky; we got within striking distance of three, fired; the

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harpoon just cleared the gun and fell in the water. The beasts disappeared. A damp charge. We also exercised our dogs in the sledges. Our first attempts at driving were most amusing; the dogs jumped over one another's traces, knotting them up. Stopped and began a regular dog-fight. Hans was of course a master at it. After a time we began to pick it up. The use of the whip was most difficult. The stock about three feet and the lash twenty feet. The correct manner was to allow the lash to trail behind. If you wished to turn to the left, throw the lash forward and crack it on the snow close to the leading dog on the right. Woe betide you if you touched the King Dog of the team, who ran in the centre; if you did he flew at the nearest dog, rolled him over, and the sledge stopped.

The ice opened at last, and we got round the Cape and into Dobbin Bay on the 13th. All the middle watch our boats were landing Depot B and the 240 sledge rations; we also left the twenty-foot ice-boat there. We finished the Depot at 3.30 p.m., and steamed to the north side of the bay. We found the ice close and both ships made fast to an old floe four feet thick. All hands were turned out on the ice and each ship's company started cutting a dock. Long ice-saws were used, worked from a tripod, a hole having been cut to work the saws in. Two sides were cut and a diagonal. The cut ice then was broken up by a couple of charges, cleared out of the dock, and the ship warped in.

We took three and a half hours; the dock was 100 feet at the mouth, and sixty feet at the head,

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long enough to take the whole length of the ship.

On the 15th still in the dock. Rawson was sent away with a dog-sledge to see what the ice conditions were. He did not give a good account. At 6 p.m. I went with a party to assist the *Alert* in blasting the nip of the big floe where it rested on the land ice.

At 8 p.m. we warped out of the dock and followed the *Alert* round the edge of the floe we had blasted. We touched the ground. An ice-anchor was laid out and we got off. The rise and fall of the tide was ten feet, the fixed land ice on one side and the big floe on the other. If we had not got off we might have been forced up on the shore by the incoming ice, as it was just high water when we got on shore.

From the 15th to the 19th. It was one long struggle with the ice, pushing our way north for a few miles through heavy ice, having often to retrace our steps to avoid being crushed. Both ships were often in danger of being nipped. On the 19th we got a chance at 3 p.m., we started steaming through the leads in the ice. At 6 we made sail to a fresh breeze from the westward. As we were turning through a lead going seven knots, we struck some heavy ice stem on; the ship was brought up all standing. At 9 p.m. the lead having closed we made fast to a floe. Commander Markham landed, climbed the hill, and just after midnight returned with the good news that there was thirty miles of open water to the Northward.

At 1.30 a.m. on the 20th, the tide changed, and the ice allowed us to get out; at 7 a.m. we were brought up again; our life-buoy had been carried

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away during the forenoon by ice higher than our gunwale. We were now between Capes Collinson and McClintock. The pack-ice to the north pressed heavily against the land ice, and was held in position by a grounded berg. The much-longed-for open water could be seen, to the north, in the centre of the channel.

On the 21st we were still fast, and a sledging depot was landed. The ice was fourteen feet thick. Captain Nares wrote saying, " that as there was no chance of any land-water, he would take the middle passage ".

At 8 p.m. the ice eased, and at 10 we pushed through some very heavy ice. At 10.45 we passed into the open water at last. At midnight there was a fresh and very cold breeze from the southward with only sailing ice. The thermometer was 26°.

All the 22nd we were beating under sail and steam against a northerly wind. At 3 p.m. we passed Hans Island, and as the wind had fallen we were racing north in an open sea, very puzzled why the strong current from the north had not brought down any ice. On the 23rd we landed a depot at Cape Morton on the western shore, not far from where the *Polaris* had wintered under Captain Hall. We then rejoined the *Alert* at Hanna Island, where we anchored, as our way north was blocked. It was cold, below freezing point all day, the evenings drawing in, the cold season coming on rapidly. On the 25th the ice in the Sound cleared and we steamed across to Cape Baird on the opposite side. The *Alert* explored a small bay but did not

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approve of it—so we went on for Cape Bellot and anchored in a bay, sheltered by Bellot Island. The *Alert* just as she anchored saw a herd of musk oxen on the hill and sent a party after them. Three were shot, and the remainder followed by Parr and Moss and all killed. The *Alert* kept four and gave four to us. While we were at dinner Captain Stephenson came in and announced that we were in our winter quarters, also that Rawson and seven men were to go to the *Alert*. The idea was that when the *Alert* reached winter quarters, he would come down with despatches from Captain Nares. Eventually, the ice conditions prevented his coming. He was a great loss to the mess, and to me. Always cheery, whatever happened. A first-rate mess-mate. A lot of the "Alerts" came on board that evening to wish us good-bye. It felt quite warm as we smoked on deck. The thermometer was 32°.

The *Alert* weighed at 8 a.m. We gave her three cheers, and wished her good luck with the North Pole. She replied by wishing us a pleasant winter. After breakfast, Archer and I climbed one of the hills and saw the *Alert* made fast to the ice below us. In the afternoon Hans reported he had killed a musk ox, four miles away. I was sent with the eight-man sledge to bring it on board; Cartmell and Hart came with me. It was a fine bull, and it was a job getting it on board over the rough ground, and I did not get back till 11 p.m.

On the 27th we could take stock of our surroundings. We were in a bay on the north side of a large sound, Bellot Harbour. Its entrance was guarded

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by Bellot Island, leaving an opening to the north and south. It was from twelve to fifteen miles long and four to five miles broad. Opposite the ship the land was low and sloped easily up to the hills that surrounded the Sound. Very convenient for landing our provisions, etc. Floating ice drifted in and out with each tide, not heavy. It came in by the north entrance and there was not much of it. It froze sharply enough at night to form ice round the ship. It broke up and melted during the day. One morning a dog fell overboard. He was fished out quite stiff, was taken to the galley, thawed and given a tot of rum, and recovered. The rum, perhaps!

On the 29th, after Church, some of us walked up the hill from where we last saw the *Alert*. She was not in sight. The ice conditions were much better up Robeson Channel, lanes of water and looser ice. On the 30th we unbent sails, unrove all light running gear, and frapped the remainder to the standing rigging, to prevent it from rattling about in the winter. Hans came back with the news that he had shot seven musk ox on the hills.

I quote from my Journal, 31st of August:

"I have just come back from a most glorious walk. At ten this morning Hart and I, with two men, started to skin the beasts that Hans shot; and went up the deep gorge to the left of the ship. After walking some way we found the gorge ended in a *cul-de-sac*, a frozen waterfall came down over the rocks at the end. It looked as if it had frozen

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as it came down. We had to retrace our steps, and went up on the right-hand side; it was a steep climb; the sergeant lost the wood we had taken to boil our pot. When we got to the top we struck away to our left, and after some time saw Hans a long way ahead of us. We came up with him at 1.30, and he showed us the way, over fairly level ground covered with four inches of snow. After some time we came to the top of the hills looking down on the fiord. It extended inland about one and a half miles, and ended in a long valley, which sloped gently upwards as far as we could see; there was a large lake two miles from the end of the fiord. The view quite repaid our long walk. We went down the mountain-side on to the plain, where we found seven musk oxen. We set to work to skin them; it was a hard and nasty job, they were quite cold, and had a most unpleasant smell; being frozen it was all we could do to get the skins off the bodies. We began at 3 p.m.; at 6 we had skinned four, and then began to think of some food. We had some blubber with us and there was lots of moss, so that we soon had a fire. We cut some steaks off and boiled them. The meat was coarse and sweet, but we thought it excellent. After we had eaten the meat we cooked some cocoa to finish up. We were as jolly as could be round our little fire although it was 6° below freezing. Cartmell had come for some cartridges when we were at work; he and Fulford had come across a herd, and they eventually killed eight. After supper we skinned the fifth, cut the throats of the others, turned them head downwards and left them. It

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was then 8.30 p.m., and we commenced our homeward march. We went by a straight way; we could not come across our old tracks, so hard it is to find one's way with the land covered with snow. We reached the ship at midnight, having been fourteen hours away. The sergeant was completely done up. The bag of musk ox has been famous since we have been here, sixteen shot by us and nine by the *Alert* —twenty-five in six days. We left Hans at the Valley to finish the remaining two; he said, 'Me very comfortable, sleep in musk-ox skin'. He picked out the one that smelt the worst for his bed!

On the 3rd nine of us, officers and men, started in the 20 ft. ice-boat to skin the musk oxen killed. After the lot we had skinned on the 1st the Captain gave us leave to take the boat up the fiord, as it would shorten our land journey, taking the eight-men tent, for we might be some time away, and using paddles as oars could not be used in the ice. We met a good deal of ice, and by dint of hard work got the boat through. We did not reach the end of the fiord, so beached the boat half a mile from the end, and decided to put up the tent and have a meal before starting. The tent-poles had been forgotten by Fulford so we lashed the boats' paddles together. One man was sent to bring a leg from the beasts we had skinned on the 1st, and two others for fresh ice for water. When the men were away it came on to snow heavily, not cheering, as the beasts we had to skin were two miles away. After our meal, beef steaks *ad lib.*, we started. The snow was so heavy that we had difficulty in finding them,

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as they were completely covered. The eight were finished by 9 p.m.; a nasty job, for they smelt fearfully. On our way back we picked up some more meat from our lot of the 1st, returned to the tent, and had a good meal, followed by cocoa and a smoke. The ice in the bay was sufficiently clear for a start back. It was bitterly cold. The ice froze on our paddles. At the point we met the breeze and tide against us, so our progress was very slow; we sang songs, chaffed one another all the way back, and so kept a little warmth in our bodies. The ship was reached at 4 a.m. The thermometer was 20°. We all turned in and slept till noon. Lamps were used in the mess at night for the first time on the 3rd of September. The musk oxen that had been skinned and cleaned were left out on the hills till the snow got hard enough for them to be brought back by sledges, they were frozen so hard that they would come to no harm."

4th. The weather getting much colder, 18°. The dogs had been landed, soon after our arrival, at Discovery Bay (the name of our winter quarters). They were fed and kept in a large pen high enough, we thought, to keep the dogs in. Two of the dogs got out and attacked our poor sheep. One was killed, and we had a job to get the two devils of dogs out. They also broke into our meat store on shore and walked off with a leg of beef. I was particularly angry, for they had quite spoilt a skin of a calf I had shot and cleaned for my own particular use.

On the 5th the young ice was not moved by the

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tide, and next day we were able to walk ashore. There were soft places, as our padre found, for he went in up to the neck. For the next few days we were shooting, skinning, and bringing back ten more musk oxen. By the 21st the ice was strong enough, and the snow had stopped, so a start was made on the survey of the large enclosed bay "Bellot Harbour". The Captain and six officers took part in it. The tent and provisions were put on an eight-man sledge, drawn by a team of dogs. The Captain and Archer had Hans and a light dog sledge, so that they could move from point to point quickly. The harbour was about twelve miles long, and there were numerous valleys opening into it. I was in charge of the eight-man sledge, and had to drive the dogs. Their pace was not too comfortable, too quick for a walk and too slow for a run. The going was bad, six inches of snow with slush underneath.

My orders were to strike across the harbour from French Cape, ten and a half miles from the ship, to the land on the opposite side, four miles, and select a camping place and get the tent up. A sheltered nook was chosen on slightly rising ground, and very bumpy it was when the snow was cleared away; the tent put up, the floor-cloth and sleeping bags carried up and put in the tent, the provisions unpacked, cut up and weighed. The Captain came, and we lighted the lamp of the cooker. We all got into the tent, shifted into night clothing, and then the pemmican appeared. We all were very hungry, but after four or five spoonfuls we had to cry halt. It has a strong taste and is very fat. It was our

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first experience; after a time we always cleared up our pots. The tea came in the same pots and was much enjoyed. We did not sleep well that first night; the ground was rough, and we had little room to turn round in our bags. At seven we had our breakfast. Cocoa and cold bacon, six ounces, which had to serve us for lunch as well. We started for the valley at the head of the bay, marking the various points for the survey with flags and taking rounds of angles with the theodolite. We camped that night in the valley; at 11 a.m. it was only 8°, and at 5 p.m. −3°. our first meeting with Old Zero. Our second night was much more comfortable, only five in the tent; the Captains and two others having returned to the ship in Hans' dog sledge. Next day the 23rd we all, the Captain having returned, split up and explored the bays and valleys, taking rounds of angles with our portable azimuth compasses. We all got back to the tent at 5 p.m. and slept packed like sardines in a tin! On the 24th struck the tent and started back for the ship; I had Petty the Captain's steward with me. The others, after taking more angles, came back to the ship. Driving amongst the hummocky ice was hard work. The dogs would get on either side of a lump, the sledge of course stopping, lie down and refuse to pull; Petty and I had to haul the sledge over and then the dogs condescended to pull. It was better when we struck our old tracks on the smooth ice. We had one more very rough bit before reaching the ship at 3 p.m. A wash, after four days, a good dinner, smoke by the stove and a comfortable bed

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instead of a bag made all the difference. On the 25th I was called out of the magnetic house to drive the Captain and Archer to the breakwater (near Bellot Island), I was then told to go back to the ship with the sledge. I had some difficulty in turning the dogs; when they were round and saw their old tracks, they were off like wildfire; bumping over the rough ice they threw me off; I held tight to the upright of the sledge and so brought them up. I turned them off to the left for some way to get on better ice. When they saw the ship they spread out like a fan, raced back, the wind whistling by my ears.

The next three days were spent in bringing in the musk oxen on sledges hauled by the men. I again quote from my diary:—

Sunday, 3rd Oct.—Two expeditions are on the tapis, Archer and I, with two five-men sledges provisioned for ten days, start on the 5th. We are to explore the Bellows (The Long Valley). The Captain, with an eight-man sledge drawn by dogs, will try and get overland to the north. Fulford, Hart, and Coppinger, our second doctor, go with him.

Monday, the 4th.—Very busy getting ready for our expedition.

Journal of H.M. Sledge *Endeavour*

Crew: Davd. Stewart, Capt. of Sledge.
Dan. D. Girard, A.B.
Jas. Thornback, A.B.
Wm. Sweet, Stoker.

Sub-Lieut. Conybeare, Officer Commanding.

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Tuesday, 5th.—Left the ship at 9 with our sledge flags flying. Part of the crew dragged us as far as the Blue berg and gave us a cheer. The Captain had addressed the men at divisions. "Telling them that they must expect lots of hard work and hoping that there would be no grumbling, and no complaints of their conduct on our return."

The work was not hard, three inches of snow on the ice. Passed French Cape at 2.15 p.m., and encamped on an old floe off Cape Rest at 4 p.m. One of my men finished all his pemmican and so did I. Distance made thirteen miles. Time six hours. Temp. outside 6°, inside Tent 22°.

Wednesday, 5th.—Called cook[1] at 6 a.m. 9 a.m. read prayers and started. Light snow commenced to fall so we put on our overalls. Reached the land at 10.15. The sledges began to drag very heavily. Started up the "Bellows" at 12.30. The valley commenced to rise slightly, and after a short time consisted of a series of rising terraces eight to fifteen feet above one another, intersected by gorges running across the valley. At 4 pitched the tent in a gorge, sheltered from the north wind. (The prevailing wind in the Valley, hence its name.)

Thursday, 7th.—8.35 a.m. started, 9 passed a ridge 50 to 100 feet high. A fresh breeze from the north-west sprang up, driving the snow in our faces. At 11 Archer and I went ahead of the sledges and went up a ridge 140 feet high; from the top we saw

[1] The men, not the Captain of the sledge, took the work in turns of twenty-four hours. The cook slept next the door of the tent, the officer at the other end. The two coldest billets in the tent. The officer called the cook.

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the end of the Valley, twelve miles distant. Halted for lunch at 12. After lunch we struck and followed a line of frozen pools for one and a half miles. The ground then got very stony, all the snow blown off by the wind. We could not get the sledges on, even by double manning them, so we encamped.

Friday, 8*th*.—Archer and I left the tent and walked up the Valley. Last night we had seen that it would be impossible to drag the sledges over the bare stones.

The weather was thick and snowing. After leaving the tent the valley rose; stony bed. After three miles it contracted, and the mountains were lower. Towards the end it changed its character completely, ending in a plain. At 1 p.m. we reached the end (7½ miles from the tent), and as the weather was still thick we returned to the tent at 7 p.m., pretty well tired.

We had a cheerful evening; the men sang songs.

Saturday, 9*th*.—When the cook was called he found his sleeping-bag was wet. On clearing the tent I found that the ice we had been lying on had thawed, come through the waterproof sheet, and wetted the lower robe and the bags as well; not a cheering prospect for our remaining three nights, as everything will freeze and then thaw again at night. 8.40 a.m., started back; heavy work after passing the ridge, the sledges burying themselves in the fresh snow. At 1 p.m. a breeze sprang up from the south and it got very cold. At 5 p.m. we reached Cape Bleak and camped, the men very tired. Distance, eight miles, time 6 h. 30 m. Tem. outside, 3°, in tent, 12°. The men were very cheer-

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ful, notwithstanding that their bags were frozen. I put the coverlet over us directly we had drunk our tea, all our things, bags, jumpers were soon covered with hoar-frost!

Sunday, 10*th*.—After breakfast packed the remaining provisions on my sledge to depot at "Bivouac Hill". We had to keep on the move to keep our feet from freezing, temp. 25°. Thos. Simmons and Girard had struck the tent, so we started at 11.45. At 1 p.m. we halted fifteen minutes for lunch, 400 yards from the ice in the bay. When we got on to the ice the snow was up to our knees. Archer and I took a drag-rope and clapped on to our respective sledges, for we were bound to reach Cape French that night for we had only one day's provisions left. We got there at 5 p.m. After camping Girard complained of pain in his toe, I looked at it, found it hard and nearly lost to all feeling. There was a blister near the nail. I treated it for frostbite, which it was. Being Sunday evening, read prayers before we went to sleep.

Monday, 11*th*.—Girard's toe was so bad he could not walk. Simmons, one of Archer's men, was in the same plight. We left his sledge and the two tents, put the two men on my sledge and started. The snow was bad with an inch of sludge underneath. The first fall of snow must have protected the ice, the second fell on top with a much lower temperature and failed to freeze right down to the ice, it was very incomprehensible. The morning was lovely, the sun just showing above the land on the other side of the Sound, lighted up part of

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Bellot Island and threw its rose-coloured light on the tops of the mountains on our left. I never saw such shades of green in the sky before. A halt of ten minutes for lunch and we reached the ship at 2 p.m. The Captain and others came to meet us, the men from the ship relieved us at the drag-ropes and pulled the sledge back to the ship. We were all tired and *dirty*. No wash for ten days.

The doctor looked at the man's toe, he told me that Girard, my man, had a bad frost-bite and might lose part of his toe.

There is more danger of frost-bitten feet in autumn, than in spring sledging. In the autumn, the rapid changes of temperature are more conducive to wet feet than in the spring, when the temperature is consistently low and the snow frozen. Five men of the *Alert* had each lost a toe from frost-bite in their autumn sledging. The Captain's party were away for two nights, but did not get very far overland; one of their sledges broke down, and they had to return as the ground was too rough for the sledges.

I must say the pleasantest part of sledging is the evening. Directly you halt the cook takes his things off the sledge and lights up, the remainder up tent, put the water-proof floor-cloth down, put every man's sleeping-bag in his place, then after a careful brush down, you off boots, put on dry stockings, and get into your bag, a rather long and difficult operation. Soon you hear a voice calling out "Pemmican"! You sit up in your bag, and get a tin of steaming hot pemmican, not bad stuff

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after a hard day's work. I got through mine every night, and even one night accomplished the feat of eating a tin and a half. As soon as the pemmican is down, you clean your pannikin as well as you can with your spoon, no water allowed for washing up, and tea is passed round. The cook announces that he can go "round the buoy twice to-night", at this everyone is vastly delighted, you get your share of the "blue", or in other words you get more. "Blue" comes from the mark half-way up a navy basin, where the blue pattern ends. This derivation is rather far-fetched, it may come from the French word "plus"; there are still many French words used on the lower deck, a reminiscence of the French War of 1790-1810. To finish up, a tot of rum and a smoke.

While we had been away a circular track of one mile had been cleared out. Snow pillars built at intervals, were a guide, and were most useful in the dark winter days. We used it for exercise and it was called the ladies' mile.

On Saturday, 16th, after breakfast, I drove the Captain out to Distant Cape, it was at the northern entrance to our harbour. Opposite, on Bellot Island, was what we called the break-water, a low tongue of land part of the island. The last time anyone was there, water was close to the Cape. To-day it was all frozen and we drove round the Cape. After some scrambling over the hummocks, we reached Water-Course Bay, and walked up the hill. The sight was magnificent. All the mountains were rose-tinted by the sun which was below the horizon till 11 a.m.

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Ice everywhere, the air was so clear that we could see down Peterman fiord on the opposite side. The ice in the channel was very heavy, great masses of flat-topped ice that had come down the channel from the Pole. We called the heavy ice floe-bergs, to distinguish them from the ordinary pack-ice. They were from seventy to eighty feet thick, and were part of the polar pack that only partially thaws in the summer!

Thursday, 21*st*.—Round the mile after breakfast. It is getting very dark in the forenoon now. The forge on the ice is finished. It is most artistic, fifteen feet high, built of ice-blocks with a pointed roof. Glass was frozen in for the window and a door fitted. When the blacksmith was at work you could see the light from the forge through the ice-walls. I got my ear frozen going round the mile. I did not know it till I got back to the ship, so it gave me fits later.

Friday, 22*nd*.—Coppinger and I, with a few men started clearing the ice for a rink. We cleared a ring eight feet wide and forty feet long, banking the snow up at the sides. The ice was too rough for skating, so we cut a hole at the end and flooded it with salt water, which froze at once and gave us a very good surface. Our skates were fastened to an ordinary pair of boots, we took off the long boots with thick cork soles we wore on board, put on the others, and walked to the rink. The ice was quite smooth, and one day with a temperature of 40° as I struck out on the ice, I came on my back. The ice was too hard for the skates to bite the ice, so we always

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looked at the thermometer before starting for the rink.

For the next few days we were busy banking up the ship with snow, putting a good covering of snow on the upper deck, to keep the ship warmer, but she still loses her heat. I cleared the shelves over the bed in my cabin,[1] everything was wet or frozen, some towels frozen so hard that they could not be moved. We found this an intolerable nuisance, moisture condensed on the beams, corners and deck above and frozen hard. I have got as much as a bucketful of ice out of the cabin weekly. The deck above was worse, for when the temperature rose a little below, we were all deluged by the drip of dirty water. I put a bit of thick carpet overhead in my cabin, not touching the deck above, and it was better. It was the same in the mess, a rise of the temperature on deck and down came the drip on journals, charts or drawings we were working at, on the mess-table.

The increasing cold is taking effect on some of us in a strange way, it shows itself in a disinclination to take exercise and an increased power of sleeping. I am happy to say that it has not affected me yet. The variations of the temperature: on the 24th it was − 33°, on the 4th December it snowed, then a south-east wind got up, the thermometer rose to +16°, everything began to drip and the ice got sludgy.

We opened an extension of our skating-rink and have now a fair expanse of ice for skating.

[1] When Rawson left the ship I took his cabin in the ward-room.

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On the 5th December our weekly paper issued its first number, with an article of mine. We had a small press, one of the men learned to set up type before we left. There was a faint Auroral display to the northward, faint quivering red rays shot up from behind the hills reaching half-way to the zenith. There was no moon, the stars appeared to be much nearer to one than they are in England. It was perfectly still and so dark that the hills could scarcely be seen. It was a curious feeling being out amongst the hummocks at the end of the mile in the still night.

The dogs have their snow-kennels near the ship and can go where they like, but are not allowed on board. They all have names. One, Par, was set on by his fellows and nearly disembowelled. The doctor tied him up and said he could not live. He eventually recovered!

I again quote from my journal:

Friday, 5th November.—A half holiday to celebrate the burning of Guy Fawkes. At 7 p.m. we all assembled outside the ship, the procession was formed; first the band, then the chief executioner. The arch traitor on a sledge attended by a body-guard, armed with ice-axes and blue lights, then the ship's company. At a given signal, the lights were lighted, the band struck up and the procession started, marched round the ship, the blue lights producing very beautiful effects. After having rounded the ship, marched to the place of execution, 150 yards on the port beam of the ship. The indictment was

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read by the 1st Lieutenant, and he was condemned to be burnt. The chief executioner released him from the sledge, placed him in a barrel which stood on a block of ice. A gun was fired, the match applied to the bottom of the cask. The flames soon rose and covered him with a mass of fire, four blue lights were lighted. We then joined hands, a ring was formed, and we performed a frantic war-dance round him. If anyone at home could have seen us at that moment, they would have put us down as mad. A blazing figure in the centre, a lot of wild figures flying round, the ship looking most ghostly and beautiful, every rope standing out distinctly.

We soon had to move back to let his inside blow up (a 3-lb. tin of powder); it went off with a whiff, sending sparks high in the air. Bunyan, our rope-maker, and a "comic" sang, danced and finally stood on his head! At 9 p.m. we finished up with rockets, lights and maroons. The men went in for their beer and the officers sat down to supper. The menu was :

Soups, Oxtail and Julien.
Fish Salmon (tinned).
Pâté de foie gras, pâté au diable.
Tongue and Brawn.
Preserved Apricots and prunes.

After supper we went outside! Smoked and sang songs.

No place on the lower deck was suitable for a theatre, so it was decided it should be built on the ice. A spot was marked out, the 18th was fixed for

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laying the first stone, an ice-block. From my Journal:

At 11.15 a.m. the Mayor with his red robe, wearing the most exalted order of Zero, attended by the Mace Bearer (Fulford), Sword Bearer (Mitchell), attended by the Aldermen and Town Council, left the ship and proceeded to the tent where the ceremony was to be performed. The tent was most tastefully decorated with flags. The weather was favourable on the auspicious day, the moon shining brightly on the snowy floes, etc., etc., *vide* our weekly paper. The whole show was most laughable. The Parson, disguised in a large pair of blue spectacles, looked like a disreputable little German professor, with no shirt, collar or linen on!

On the 20th we unpacked the boxes of theatrical dresses, etc. The one from Lady McClintock, was full of ladies dresses. The fair donors would have been much amused if they could have heard our remarks, some of the "things" puzzled us terribly.

November 24th.—Very dark, no moon, went over the mile, and fell about over the hard lumps, too dark to skate. 20th, A row about the ward-room coal, we had exceeded our allowance by 12 lbs. No fire between 12 and 5 p.m., in the mess. We all dined in our fur coats, the Captain who always dined with us at 2 p.m. did not like it, but it was by his orders the coal was stopped!

Rehearsal in the evening, in the coal bunker, it was cold standing on the iron plates with the thermometer below zero.

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November 30th.—Rehearsed in the theatre after dinner, and a full dress do. in the evening. It had been completed some days' since, a fine stage, dressing-rooms and a good auditorium, all built with ice. The drop-scene painted by Mitchell, was a tropical one, palms, sand, Eastern houses, all blazing in the sun.

The time fixed was 7.15 p.m., and we opened with "My Turn Next"—Lydia, our leading lady retired to dress (on board) at 6 p.m. A blue dress, she was very well got up, beard, etc., clipped close off, and a smart bonnet. She made a very fair woman. She was as vain as a woman; while I was helping to dress her, she kept looking at herself in the glass. The prologue (Hart's) was read and up went the curtain and I was discovered on the stage. The piece went very well; when the second item (singing) came on I went round to the front. The stage looked very well, the ice walls being covered with flags and hung with pictures from the mess.

The best thing in the second part were the "Arctic Twins" by Emerson and Bunyan—two of our P.O.'s. They had on overalls, knapsacks and mocassins, their dancing was very good, and the walk to the North Pole excellent. After it was over, the Captain stood us supper.

December 4th.—Another south-east gale, temperature up to +26°. The mile was filled in with snow, and also our rink; the ice had to be cut in blocks and lifted out. The men have got two companies for acting, which is a good thing, for I personally don't like acting, but have to take a part to keep the show

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going. We have been having very wonderful Coronas with the full moon. A luminous arc on each side of the moon, crescent in form. A tangent arc above; from the middle of each side arc a broad horizontal band tapering to a point from the moon, four rays like the cardinal points of the compass. The side arcs were prismatic. What a picture! It was tried by our artists, in the mess, but no one got the marvellous colours correctly.

December passed quietly, without any startling incidents. Plenty of work, lots of exercise, the mile, skating, etc., and lots of amusement in the evening, acting and concerts. The minimum temperature for the month was 54° below Zero. It produced lots of frost-bites, face and fingers, none of them serious. The air was quite still with the low temperature, and it was pleasant walking; if even a slight breeze sprang up we could not stand it.

We were all weighed, height and chest measurements taken. I had gained 11 lbs in weight, and $^{9}/_{10}$ inches in chest measurement, since leaving England.

Saturday 25th.—Christmas Day. I was awakened at 4 a.m. by some singing. I roused myself and listened. Emerson, Thornback, the Sergeant and Eddy were singing "When Shepherds watched their flocks at night", and singing it very well indeed. I wished them many happy Christmases, and went off to sleep again. I went round the mile before divisions, as I should not get a chance afterwards. All the officers went round the lower deck before 12 to taste the "duff". Mrs. Rawson had given

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a large plum-pudding, and my people a large supply of mincemeat, enough of both to go round all the messes.

At 12 we opened the boxes of presents for the men. Mrs. Rawson's box contained mostly games and so on. Old Dougal, the Ice Quarter-Master, got a Jack in-the-Box. Some of the things created shouts of laughter. Mrs. Coote's box (a daughter of Sir E. Parry), contained all sorts of useful things — comforters, pipes, mufflers, etc. The men's tables looked very well, for all were decorated. No. 4 mess had a transparency made out of a biscuit-box. Each man had 1 lb. of English mutton, plum duff, mince-pies and cheese. We had lunch, and after put the billiard table on the mess table. I divided the last pool. We dined at 6 p.m.

MENU

Mulligatawny Soup.
Salmon.
Mutton Cutlets and Tomato Sauce, Sausage and Bacon and Lax.
Haunch of Mutton.
Ham. Corned Pork.
Roast Turkey.
Potatoes. Green Peas.
Christmas Pudding. Mince Pies.
Cheese and Anchovies.

The dinner lasted some time, and went off very well. We finished the evening with a Punch bowl and sang songs. There were fifty-seven contributors to Mrs. Coote's box, amongst them was Lady Parry,

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the widow of Sir Ed. Parry of Arctic fame, and many other descendants of his.

One of the unifilar magnets was lost, from the magnetic house. There was the devil to pay! It was found next day close to the round ice house, a dog had taken it, found that it was not good to eat, and dropped it.

New Year's Eve.—At 11.30 I put on my furs, went on deck with a lantern and kept sentry over the bell. Chattel came up with intent to strike it, but seeing me retired. I stood on the fore-hatch with the lanyard of the bell in my hand. The Quarter-Master of the watch reported 12 to me, and I struck the first of the sixteen strokes and ended 1875.[1] Under my feet on the lower deck, a crash of discordant sounds broke out, drums, fifes, tin pans, etc. Old Taws, the Ice Quarter-Master, was the first man I wished a happy New Year. When I got below, Beaumont and Coppinger were ringing the chimes on our hand-bells. As I was striking the bell, one of our dogs, "Monkey", began the New Year badly by falling into the fire-hole. He was pulled out and thawed, for he was stiff with ice.

Game shot in winter quarters from August to December, 31st.

Arctic Hares	20		
Ducks	2		
Ptarmigan	8		
Seals	5	—	2 Floe Rats, 3 Ground Seal
Musk Oxen	32	{	5 Old Bulls, 25 Cows 2 Young Calves

[1] 12 o'clock is eight bells, or eight strokes of the bell in ordinary circumstances.

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January 2nd.—At 9 p.m. An Aurora. An arch, a pale band of light, with its centre on the true meridian and 15° from the zenith. It broke up into feathered edges. The left part of the arch faded away, the right part got brighter, broke up and assumed the shape of the folds of a curtain, doubled over. The needle in the magnetic house was deflected to the east at 9 p.m., reached its maximum at midnight, and normal at 4 a.m. The display was very beautiful. The weather was clear, temperature – 39° and calm. I saw eight meteors during the auroral display. All the auroras we saw were accompanied by a magnetic storm.

On Saturday, 15th, there was a slight dawn in the southern horizon at noon, weather cold and clear. On the 15th it was brighter. The light at 12 o'clock was just sufficient to cast a faint shadow. It was a promise of brighter days to come. We lost the sun on the 16th of October, *i.e.*, it did not rise above the horizon on that day, but still for some days gave us a few hours of twilight. On the 20th Hans did not appear at evening quarters. At 8 p.m. no Hans. We got anxious; he had been in bad spirits and homesick for some days. Parties were sent out to look for his tracks in the snow. Coppinger and I started for the hill towards the gulley. The snow was deep and soft, so we floundered about tremendously. We got as far as the gulley and went down to the ice foot; it was low water, so we got on to the ice without difficulty. We got back at 10.30, having seen nothing, and heard that the 1st Lieutenant had found his tracks near the blue berg, at the end of

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the mile. A party of four men and three officers left the ship at 10.30; p.m., they returned with Hans at 5.45 a.m. They followed his tracks across the bay to musk-ox point, and lost them for a time. He was eventually found in a cave up the hill. Coppinger fished him out. He was asleep and appeared to be quite warm! His story was that he had followed a musk-ox, that it had got late, and he went to sleep in the cave. The story would not wash, as no other tracks besides his could be found. It was also too early in the season for the musk oxen to be back.

The 25th was very cold temperature at 8 p.m.; −60.° The cold has got down below, and notwithstanding that the stove in the lobby outside the ward-room has had its allowance of coal increased by 8 lbs., everything freezes there. You sit with your feet against the stove warm, and your fingers are so cold that you cannot hold a book in your hands. Beaumont's cabin has been down to 18° and 15°. He found snow in his bed!

On the 29th went with Archer on snow-shoes to Bellot Island to fix a point for the observations of the occultation of Mars on the 31st. The 1st Lieutenant and a party started with the transit and telescope. It was thick, a haze, when we got there. The ingress was at 11.15, egress at 12.8. We got the latter only as it cleared.

February 1st.—The ship's company were marched round the mile to-day; it is the beginning of a new routine to get them fit for the sledging season.

Petty has just brought a lemming on board. It was four and a half inches long, a thick grey coat,

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black eyes, long moustaches, projecting teeth like a rat.

They are charming little beasts, and have been with us all the winter; if you see one on the snow he is down his burrow in a second. The dogs were always chasing them, but Mr. Lemming was too sharp for the dogs. On the 3rd Hans went over to the Island to get some hares; plenty of their tracks were found, but it was *too dark* to see the hares! On the 14th we had one of our few gales. The wind blew in heavy squalls, shifting to all points of the compass. The temperature was most erratic, jumping from minus 45° to 1° above zero at 11 a.m. When we could get out, the effect of the gale on the snow was most curious, parts of the ice were bare and the snow was heaped up in great mounds in many places. The rink and mile filled in with snow. The change was so great that one hardly could say where one was.

On Sunday, the 8th, a beautiful day, at noon we could see one another's faces. We were quite white and colourless! On the 8th Coppinger and I started for a long walk; we could see fairly well, as the moon helped the twilight. We got up to Archer's cairn on the top of the hill with some difficulty; part of the cairn had been blown down by the late gale. We saw plenty of hare tracks and foxes. We had a fine sight of the Straits, and could see halfway across. No open water was seen, and no frost smoke (over any open hole in the ice in the cold weather a sort of smoke rises, due to the evaporation of the water). We came back by a different route, striking

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away more inland. We had to put on our snow-shoes, as the snow got soft and deep. I had just gone in up to my middle. We passed a hare's track that had been chased by a fox. The light at midday on the top had been considerable, but it was dark when we got on board as the moon had set.

18*th*.—Our play is to come off to-night: "As Cool as a Cucumber". I dressed before tea, and had on a striped calico skirt, a grey bodice with an eider-down as a petticoat. The strings of my cap (I was the slavey) hid what little hair showed on my face. I looked a regular giantess, and the size of my waist was enormous. In one of my scenes I had to sit down suddenly. The chair broke, and I sat on the stage. Rapturous applause! The audience thought it was part of the regular business.

The temperature of the place, after the fires had been lit, was – 30° and – 24° when the curtain went up. The lemming caught the other day has just died. It lived in a box with a bed of wood; it loved carrots and was quite tame.

On the 24th I took out the theodolite and finished a survey I had been busy with for the last week. It was bitter cold work, with a temperature of – 30°. All screws, eye-piece, etc., were covered with leather, as one could not touch the bare metal. The fire and tide note had been freezing up lately, a trench was cut round the old hole, a 3-lb. tin of blasting powder was put down the old hole, and fired. It sent the ice and water flying up in the air, and we had a large clear hole again. 25th. The men's play, "Boots at the Swan", came off this evening.

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It was the best thing that had been put on as yet. The men took the French words in gallant style. Bunyan as the drunken son was very good; Dobing, a marine, had a hard part full of long words. He pronounced the following word as it is here written—Tag-ly-o-ney!

On the 27th all the officers and ship's company, with the exception of the doctor, Miller and myself, who were left to take care of the ship, went up to Archer's Cairn to greet the sun, and to build a larger cairn in the place of the one blown down in the late gale. They got back, having seen nothing, as it came on to snow.

1st and 2nd March.—Much colder −60. The sun came out and at noon shone on the ship. Min. temp., −67°.

3rd.—Walked out to Bellot Island, temperature −66°. It was quite calm when we started, but on the Island a slight breeze sprang up; it was like burning sand thrown in our faces; we turned back at once, with a few frost-bites.

4th.—Temperature −68°, *i.e.* 100° of frost, the lowest temperature registered as yet in the Arctic regions. One of the dogs had its tail frozen to the ice by one of our servants throwing some slops on the floe. The poor beast pulled and howled till freed by a man chopping away the ice. He fled with a large lump hanging on to his tail. A glass of neat whisky taken on deck under the awning froze into a solid mass in a few moments.

From the 4th to the 24th. Thanks to the sunlight we were able to explore the country round

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about. We went away in parties of two, starting after breakfast taking some hard chocolate and biscuit for lunch and returning about 6 p.m. It very soon got all of us in good condition. The walks and views were very beautiful, but there was a certain amount of sameness about them, so I give no details.

We always kept our birthdays, perhaps an extra dish at dinner, and a glass of wine to drink the health of the man of the day.

March 25th.—Lady Day—my 22nd birthday. It was a lovely day. At 3.30 p.m. I was out looking at the Eclipse (partial) of the sun. At 4.45 I heard a cheer, and on looking up saw a party coming round Dist. Cape. I started at once, and soon was shaking hands with old Rawson and Egerton; they had come with two men, Mic O'Regan and Simons, and seven dogs. They had left the *Alert* in latitude 82° 27′ on Monday 20th, and had very hard work coming down, the distance by the coast being about eighty miles. The cold was very severe whilst they were away. All our fellows turned out and gave them three cheers. The *Alert*, after she left the breakwater on the 28th of August last, steamed past St. Patrick's Bay, comparatively clear of ice; she then got into the pack and smashed her rudder. She got into a small bay and shifted it. They had then a gale, which gave them clear land water; they were then able to reach their winter quarters: an exposed beach, fortunately sheltered by a line of heavy grounded floe-bergs. Their autumn sledging, which lasted twenty-one days, was very severe work.

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Lieutenant May and two men lost their big toes from frost-bite. Lieutenant Aldrich reached Cape Joseph Henry seventy miles away from the ship, and saw a point to the north-west estimated latitude 82.50 N. Rawson was three days doing two miles, as the snow had to be dug out before the sledge could be moved. On the 8th of March, Rawson, Egerton and Peterson, the Danish dog-driver, left the *Alert* with the dog-sledge to try and reach the *Discovery*. The cold was severe, 40° below zero. Petersen was not well the first evening. On the second day he was so ill that they had to halt and build a snow-house; both his feet were frozen and he could eat nothing. They returned to the ship next day and got him on board just alive. Dr. Colan was up with him all that night. He is likely to lose part of both feet, part of one hand and part of his nose.[1] We soon heard the orders for the spring sledging from the despatches Rawson and Egerton had brought from Captain Nares. Commander Markham, Lieutenant Parr, and an auxiliary sledge are to start north over the hummocks from Cape Joseph Henry and hope to get smoother ice after a time. Lieutenants Aldrich and Giffard are to explore Grants land to the north-west of Cape Joseph Henry. Lieutenants Beaumont and Rawson, with Coppinger and an auxiliary sledge, the North-East Coast of Greenland. Archer and I Lady Franklin Straits. Lieutenant Fulford, special service. Orders were given for alterations to our sledges and kits. What the *Alert* had all the winter to prepare, we had to do in ten days.

[1] He never recovered and died on the 13th of May.

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For the next few days we were very busy. I had to sew one of the men's silk handkerchiefs on the lapels of my duffle coat, to prevent one's breath freezing on the woolly coat. The backs of our canvas overalls had to have a large design painted in black on them—a relief to the eyes of the men dragging the sledges. The leader was changed every hour. I chose a crescent moon with a man's face in profile. I cut out a stencil and painted my own and all my men's overalls. The design was about 15in. in height, was most striking and decorative. On the 28th at 8 a.m. Archer, Coppinger, with Hans and ten dogs, started for Polaris Bay, to overhaul the depôt; it had been left by the Polaris expedition, and would be very useful to our people.

April 1st.—Lieutenant Beaumont is to start as soon as he is ready. Rawson who had returned to the *Alert* with Egerton, will join him there with his sledge and crew, who are now in the *Alert*. Archer and I start on the 8th. The Captain, with Mitchell and the dog-sledge, after seeing us all off, will go up to the *Alert* to confer with Captain Nares.

On the 7th I got my written orders from the Captain, they were briefly as follows: "You will take command of the 8-man sledge 'Endeavour' with 42 days' rations. You are to act under the orders of Lieutenant Archer, turn over to him 84 rations and depôt them at the place selected by him and return to the ship. You have my best wishes for a pleasant journey, and a safe return. (Signed) H. F. Stephenson, Captain."

8th.—The day had arrived; the two sledges, packed

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with their flags flying, were photographed with the two officers and crews. I must now quote from my sledge diary and letter of proceedings. At 12.30 left the ship in charge of both sledges, Archer having gone on with the Captain and the dogs. The going was good for a time, and then heavy; we had to double man the sledges occasionally. We camped at 6.30 under the lee of the Island, having done seven miles in five and a quarter hours. The temperature inside the tent was +9° and outside −22°. On the 9th we crossed the western entrance to the harbour, having made good four miles in seven hours.

On the 10th started on the ice foot, travelling better—made seven miles in six hours.

On the 10th we camped on the land near the Bivouack Hills, having had very good travelling. The twelve-man sledge capsized, but no damage was done.

The 11th.—We crossed the point of land and encamped in Sun Bay. On starting we put both sledge crews on the twelve-man sledge, and were 1 hr. 5 min. getting it to the top of a gentle ridge, only 400 yards from our encampment. The snow was two feet deep, and soft, nineteen hands on the large sledge being barely sufficient to move it. Distance made, good three miles, time taken eight hours. The 12th passed Stony Camp, crossed Dougal Bay and arrived at Miller Island. Very heavy work and the men were exhausted. Distance three miles, time taken 5 hr. 13 mins. Weather thick and snowing. We found the Captain and Archer, when we camped, with the dog-sledge. I had been in

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sole command of the party since leaving the ship.

On the 13th Lieutenant Archer took charge of the party. We started along the ice foot of Miller Island. The twelve-man sledge capsized crossing a crack in the ice foot. The Captain then took leave of the party and returned to the ship. We camped on an old floe near the Kepples Head. One of the men's eyes was very painful, and he could not see (sun blindness), so I gave him Vin Opii in his eyes.

The 14th.—Travelling bad on the floe, snow and hummocks, good on the ice foot. Saw a parahelion, with bright prismatic colours, mock suns on either side, and a circle above the true sun. We had to cut a way through the hummocks off the point, and camped at 5 p.m. A better day's travelling.

The 15th.—A fresh breeze while we were packing the sledges for our start; had much difficulty in keeping our feet from freezing, before we got on the move. After a couple of hours' travel we found that we could hardly get the twelve-man sledge along. We pitched the tents, unloaded the sledge, and found that both of the runner irons were cracked right across in the centre. The wood of the runner was badly strained as well, one part of the iron runner was above the other, which accounted for our not having been able to get the sledge along. Archer decided that it could not carry its present heavy load, and that I was to return to the ship in two days' time with the sledge only loaded with ten days' provisions. The rest of the day was employed in making arrangements in the change of the depôt and victualling Lieutenant Archer's party for forty-

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two days. Before supper we changed tents, I taking the twelve-man tent and four of Archer's men, one sick with a badly frost-bitten foot. The whole heel, part of the sole, and under the big toe blistered. I dressed it with glycerine, packing it in cotton-wool, covering the whole with oil-silk, and securing it with a bandage. He was kept in his bag all day, and did not complain of pain.

On the 16th we advanced the depôt another three miles and secured it on a rocky point sixty feet above the ice. At 11 a.m. we parted with Lieutenant Archer's party, and I returned to my tent, with the broken-down sledge and a sick man.

The 17th.—Our start was delayed, as the cooker took three and a half hours preparing our breakfast. The sledge worked very heavily notwithstanding its light load, the right runner complaining badly. J. Cripp's foot better, but he had to be carried on the sledge all day. Distance made, good eight and a half miles, in five and a half hours' travel.

18th.—Travelling good till we had to cross an old floe in Conybeare Bay. The surface was eight feet above the level of the one year's floe, the hummocks were rounded, and "blue-tipped from twenty to thirty feet high". Left a depôt for Archer at a point in the bay. Another case of frost-bite. Did ten miles.

19th.—Nearly all of us felt the glare during the afternoon, notwithstanding we all wore goggles. David Stewart, snow-blind.

20th.—We got on board at 2.30 p.m. The sick man much better. I will digress for a moment, to

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illustrate the application of Vin Opii, called by the men "open eye". I will take a typical case that occurred when I was sledging. We were tramping along with a bright sun in our eyes, making the glare from the snow very unpleasant. I noticed one man, A, rubbing his eyes. We of course all wore goggles, with dark glasses. "Are your eyes bad?" "No, sir, just itching a bit." When the tent was up the Captain of the sledge reported that A's eyes were bad. "All right, after supper I will give him a dose of open-eye." The bottle was taken out of the medicine-box, frozen hard. It was thawed by putting it next to one's body. "All ready?" "Yes, sir." The patient was laid flat on his sleeping-bag to prevent his kicking. The officer sat across his body, and a volunteer, always ready to find, opened one eye with his thumb, a drop of Vin Opii dropped in, a howl from the patient and a good deal of chaff from the men. The same with the other eye; then the unfortunate man had his eyes bandaged and went to sleep, if he could! He was all right next morning. It was most difficult to keep the men from occasionally raising their goggles when on the march. The officers were much more tried than the men, as they had to be continually on the look-out. By never even raising my goggles I escaped entirely.

I found the ship very quiet. Lieutenant Fulford Commanding Officer, Ninnis, Cartmell, Hart, the Parson and four men. The Captain had not returned from the *Alert*, but had left orders that on my return I was to take the fifteen-foot ice-boat with the

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sledge and eleven men to Polaris Bay depôt her there for the use of Beaumont's party on their return.

I left the ship at 7.50 p.m. on the 2nd of May, travelling at night to escape the glare of the sun at day and to have the advantage of its heat while sleeping.

Camped at 3.40 a.m., travelling bad through the hummocks, having to cut a way for the sledge. One of the men complained of his heel; it was much inflamed and he could not walk. I walked back to the ship, five and a quarter miles, got on board, and made arrangements for bringing him back in the dog-sledge; got back to the sledge late that night.

On the 3rd and 4th of May, got the sledge and boat on, very hard work and camped, having made good nineteen and three-quarters miles since leaving the ship in four days.

At 3.15 p.m. on 5th, Lieutenant Fulford arrived with orders from the Captain to leave the boat, return to the ship with my men and the sledge. Got on board at 12.40 a.m.

The Captain had come back from the *Alert* with orders that the 20-ft. boat was to be taken across as well as the 15-ft. boat. This entailed a much larger party, which was now available, as Lieutenant Archer had returned to the ship, having successfully explored Lady Franklin's Sound to its end for a distance of 67 miles. On the 7th of May at 7.45 a.m. started with the 20-ft. boat on the twelve-man sledge and eighteen men, Lieutenant Fulford being in command of the whole party.

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At 4 a.m. arrived at the old floe, where the 15-ft. boat had been left, and camped.

On the 8th started at 8.30 p.m. Had to cut our way through the centre nip and had better travelling afterwards, on young ice, with a few old floes. 4.30 a.m. camped thirteen miles from Hall's Rest (Polaris Bay).

On the 9th and 10th making slow progress towards the land.

On the 11th reached the ice foot at Hall's Rest, having to double man the sledges. One of the sledges broke down just as we reached the Ice foot. After lunch cut a road through the hummocks, put the 20-ft. boat on the other sledge and took her up to the Observatory, then returned for the second boat. The twelve-man sledge was temporarily repaired, and then brought the tents and provisions on shore. The Captain's party arrived at this time.

On the 12th a party went up to Hall's grave to erect the memorial plate we had brought out from England with us; it measured about three feet by two feet.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

CAPTAIN C. V. HALL

OF THE U.S. SHIP *Polaris*

who sacrificed his life in the advancement of Science on November 8th, 1871. This tablet has been erected by the British Polar Expedition of 1875, who, following his footsteps, have profited by his experience.

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The grave was in a good state of preservation. At the head there was a name-board, at the foot a small upright stone, and the willow, mentioned by Captain Tyson as having been planted there in 1871, was alive.

The remainder of the men, with Lieutenant Fulford, were making a survey of the depôt and completing our rations till the 21st. As it was blowing hard from the north-east we built a snow wall round the weather end of the tent. We were confined in our tents from the 13th to 16th by the high wind.

Dr. Coppinger and Geo. Emerson arrived with eight men from Repulse Harbour to take provisions forward for Lieutenant Beaumont's return.

On the 17th we started at 7.30 a.m. with two eight-man, one five-man sledges, and twenty-eight men. The Captain came back with us.

We got on board at 6 p.m. on the 18th, having done the return journey in two days. We were travelling light.

I was not long on board, for on the 22nd May I was ordered to proceed to the *Alert*. The memo of Captain Stephenson says, "Should you by any chance be prevented from rounding the Steep Cliffs to the northward of Lincoln's Bay, by open water, you are to leave the despatches at the depôt and return to the ship."

7.15 a.m. started with the five-man sledge, Dan Girard, A.B. (Captain of sledge), the Jersey man, called Frenchy by the men, who had been with me in my first trip. Camped, having made good ten miles.

On the 23rd in the afternoon it came on to blow

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hard from the north-east, nearly blinding us with the drift, so we camped under the lee of Cape Beachy at 5 a.m.

On the 24th good travelling. On the 25th travelling very bad. Found a lot of water on the floes, water over our knees at times.

On the 26th.—Water worse on the ice and snowing hard.

On the 27th.—Same conditions. After we camped Thos. Chalkley, A.B., complained of pain and stiffness in his legs; they were much discoloured, and his gums bled occasionally. I am afraid that it is a case of scurvy.

On the 28th at 11 arrived at Cape Frederick and had to take to the land-foot; it is impossible to cross the bay here, as there are three large spaces of open water with several seals in them. 4.30 camped on the land-foot under the depôt in Lincoln Bay. Chalkley worse, hardly able to walk. After supper, relashed and fished the sledge. All the tenons of the right runner, and two of the left, were carried away.

On the 29th a.m. travelling good; p.m. very bad on the snow-slopes. Reduced the provisions to make them last a day longer, till 2nd of June instead of 1st of June. On the 30th had to cut a road on the snow-slopes. On the 31st Sub-Lieutenant Egerton with a party came down from the *Alert*. Had to carry Chalkley on the sledge.

At 12.30 p.m. arrived on board *Alert* and gave my dispatches to Lieutenant Giffard, the Captain being absent.

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On the 7th, Captain Nares and Major Feilden, R.A., the Naturalist, arrived just before dinner. I reported fully to him. He decided that owing to the large amount of water I had seen on the way up I could not return that way, and for the present I was to remain on the *Alert*. On the 8th at 6.20 p.m. Parr came on board. He had walked from the depôt at Cape Joseph Henry, forty miles off, in twenty-two hours. Commander Markham's northern party had quite broken down; five men carried on the sledge, five just able to crawl, four with Markham dragging the sledge. All ill with that terrible curse, the scurvy.

Parr's walk was magnificent, and probably saved many lives. This disaster was quite unexpected by Captain Nares, practically the whole party had been struck down. All available sound men and officers were organized as a relief expedition. May and Dr. Moss started with the dog-sledge at 11.45 p.m.; at 12.15 on the 9th, Egerton, myself, five men and an eight-man sledge. Wootton, White, five men and another sledge. Captain Nares came with us. We camped at 8 a.m. on the 11th. Before meeting Markham's party I had a mishap. I went into a crack over my waist in the water. I put on what dry gear I could get from the party. It was bitterly cold shifting on the sledge. We stopped for lunch at 11.15 a.m., where May had left his tent. He and the doctor had reached Markham's party some hours before. After our halt we walked on, and soon met Markham and his men. He and four men were still dragging the sledge, four were

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in their bags, and five were following behind as best they could. Porter, a marine, had died of scurvy the day after Parr had left the party. They all looked awfully ill; the four dragging were so stiff they could only just put one foot before the other. They were rejoiced to see us, for they knew that now they were safe. The dog-sledge had taken fresh food, wine, etc., and we had brought more.

If they had broken down two days before, while they were amongst the hummocks off the Cape, they could never have been saved. The dog-sledge took the worst cases by pairs to a hospital tent that had been put up half-way to the ship, and then on to the ship. On the 12th we got them on nearer the ship. The sick had bucked up a lot at the prospect of getting on board again. Egerton was snow-blind, and I was seedy; the doctor gave me a dose to pick me up. The big twelve-man sledge was fitted to take four sick men in their bags. When we sighted the ship the poor fellows on the sledge cheered up, and tried to raise themselves to look at her. We got alongside at 2.30 a.m. Markham and his four men took the drag-ropes just as we reached the ship, John Radmore and Thos. Jolliffe were two of them. We all cheered the northern party. Captain Nares said, just as we were going on board, "Let us thank God for the lives that we have been able to save, and pray to Him for the recovery of the sick". Everyone responded with a heart-felt Amen.

After we got the sick on board we went below and had a good feed and turned in. Captain Nares

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very kindly had a cot slung for me in his cabin on the port side, where I slept till we rejoined the *Discovery* on the 11th of August.

The 14th of June was Parr's birthday. The doctor, in proposing his health, spoke of his walk as a feat surpassing the famous ride in the Crimea, and as a thing to be remembered. He will get his promotion for it.

On the 16th the Captain called all hands aft after divisions and read us a memo; he said, in consequence of the deplorable sickness that had attacked us, he had decided on giving up all further exploration to the north. Both ships would go south this season to Porte Foulke, one ship going home and the other remaining out to explore Hayes Sound. It was a bitter disappointment for me, and will be so for all our fellows, leaving work behind us. Two of the men of the relief party went on the sick-list with scurvy.

19th.—The Captain was very anxious about Aldrich and his party, so May and two men were started for Cape Bacon, twenty-five miles from Cape Joseph Henry. He spent the next three days at the Cairn watching the depôt at Cape Joseph Henry. It could be seen on a good day with a telescope. Aldrich had orders on his return there to demolish the depôt, as a signal that he was returning.

On the 26th, the Captain brought the good news on board that the party were returning. A party started with an empty sledge at 7 p.m. I was left to look after the ship. About midnight May was

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seen coming back with two men on his sledge. Shortly after, the whole party returned with Aldrich and two of his men dragging. May reached the depôt at Joseph Henry thirty-one hours after leaving the ship; one of his men sighted the "Challenger", Aldrich's sledge amongst the hummocks. May went to meet him. All his men were completely done and worn out. The poor fellows burst out crying when they saw May. They thought that they would never have reached the ship. Aldrich got about 250 miles from the ship to a point in latitude 83°.6′ N.; from there the coast runs in a W.S.W. direction. His men began to get bad about his turning point, and it was only his determination and their pluck that got them back.

Captain Nares thought that a way overland to Lincoln Bay might be practicable.

On the 28th.—Giffard and I with Frederick and the dogs started up the south ravine. The snow was three feet deep, and the going very bad for the dogs. We took an eight-men tent, which was to be left on the water-shed, which was reached in five hours' work. We pitched the tent and lunched on the ridge; the snow showed no signs of melting. We got on board at 7 p.m., wet up to our middles.

On the 4th of July we again started, taking a second tent and provisions. The snow was, if possible, worse than on the 28th. The 5th was spent taking both tents forward, one at a time. The 6th was spent in the same way crossing various deep valleys. A most desolate spot, 2,000 feet above the sea; nothing but white meets the eyes, a region of everlasting snow.

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On the 7th we had an awful job moving the tent, etc., on; in places we had to carry the gear on our shoulders. We at last reached a ridge and pitched the second tent and left it there. It was thick, and we could see nothing ahead. As we had only one day's provisions left it was decided we must push back for our first tent and the ship. After crossing a valley we lost our tracks, and had to trust to our compass. The tent we were looking for was at the end of a long ridge, and when half-way up we had to make a turn to the right. It was very thick, with light snow falling. I went ahead with a stick, Giffard giving me the direction with the compass. I then planted the stick and the party came on. The fun then began; after many hours of work we got to where the tent should have been, and could not find it. The prospect of spending the night in a hole in the snow, with no food and waiting for the weather to clear, was not pleasant. When at last Giffard gave a shout. He had literally walked into the tent! We shifted, never was pemmican and tea so delicious. We had been 10 hr. 45 mins. doing four miles. Got back to the ship on the 7th about tea-time. Giffard saw the Captain, who told him that he considered it impossible to establish a route to Lincoln Bay over the hills after our experience.

SHOOTING PARTY TO DUMBELL LAKES

On the 19th of July, Commander Markham, May, Pullen, Mitchell and myself started dragging the Satellite sledge, "The Puss". The north ravine

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had so much water that we carried the Puss over, it was over our long boots. The water was cold. We crossed, sat down, inverted our heels and let the water run out.

The Commander found a skua's nest with eggs. I fried the said eggs with our bacon at lunch in the tent at Mushroom Point. We got across Ravine Bay easily, and had a stiff pull over the land to Dumbell Harbour. May and the Commander shot three Brent geese; we reached the tent at the lakes about midnight. As I was cook for the day, got my things together and gave them their tea at once. Then prepared a savoury stew of musk-ox, with onion powder, etc. We enjoyed our supper and finished with a tot of whisky. Being cook is no soft job. Everything has to be done at once. "Will you pass in my sleeping-bag?" "Do you mind hanging up my stockings?" "Is the musk-ox ready?" "You did not put enough sugar in the tea!"

July 11th.—After breakfast Mitchell and I started along the shore of the second lake. He shot a goose a few hundred yards from the tent. After passing the second, we came to another lake connected with the sea; we crossed the brow of the hill and came in sight of Cape Joseph Henry just over depôt point. We saw a few geese flying round, but could not get within shot of them. I came back to the tent along the top of the hills, looking for eggs but found none; the purple saxifrage grew very thickly in places, and made the most charming nooks under the rocks, otherwise the hills were bare. We were

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too early in the season for the other flowers. The Commander and May got back at 7.30 p.m., having shot nothing ; they found a snowy owl's nest with seven young of different ages, from one just out of the shell to one nearly fledged. They also picked up two large pieces of drift-wood " pine " on the shore of a new lake they had discovered some way inland. We had a first-rate supper of stewed goose and wound up with a rubber of whist.

Game shot—one goose.

12th.—Mitchell and I after breakfast started for Dumbell Harbour. We shot a goose and walked on to Harley's Spit, only seeing a few geese and thus struck back to the tent over the hills. Going down, two skuas commenced a violent attack on us, swooping down at our heads. The foolish birds led us straight to their nest, in which I found a chick and an egg. I took the egg, hoping that it might be addled, and I could blow it. It turned out to be hard set, and useless as a specimen.

13th.—Started by myself for Simon's Island in search of game and eggs. There was not much water on the floe and not very deep. I spent some time on the Island lying on my back in the sun and smoking my pipe. There were plenty of saxifrage and yellow poppies about. I left the Island as a nasty thick fog was rolling in from the north. The Commander and May turned up at 8.45 with one goose and three of the young owls, from the nest they found two days before ; the biggest is a most ferocious looking creature about six inches in height

14th.—Snowing hard all day and not out.

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15th.—The Padre and I started for the ship. At Mushroom Point we met Egerton, who told me I was not wanted on board, so went back to the tent. The Commander, May and Mitchell came in at nine with thirteen geese, which they had shot at Owl Lake.

16th.—Egerton turned up just as I was cooking breakfast. We gave him goose's livers (13) and bacon. We then took a siesta till 5 p.m., when we started. When Mitchell and I got to Owl Lake we saw two musk-oxen. We got round the lake to within forty yards of them and let fly. My one fell at once; the other gave us some trouble, taking six shots to kill him. We cleaned them and started back. We met the others on our way home, and then all turned back to where the beasts lay, skinned them and reached the tent at 1 a.m.

Game shot—two musk-ox, two geese.

18th.—Arrangements had been made for the boat and Egerton's men to come round for the musk-oxen and get them on board; five of them turned up as we were finishing our morning meal, so we turned the cooker over to them, and they had a good feed of musk-ox liver and bacon. We all went to where the beasts had been shot. May and I started on our heads, two very fine specimens, same age and size.[1] After the meat had been cut up in quarters it was carried over the rise to the boat. Egerton and the others went off after some geese and got ten. I did not go, as my arm was my Snider, and a rifle would have been out of place in a "warm corner". The next day we got another seven.

[1] Mine now hangs in my studio in Bordighera.

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The 20th.—*Dies non.* Heavy rain!

The 21st.—Shot a hare with the rifle. Had him for supper that evening. Came to the conclusion that the eight-man stewpan is not large enough for four, and the kettle (tea) barely so!

The 22nd.—Our time was up, and we should have started, but it was snowing so hard all day that we postponed our start till the 23rd, when we got back to the ship. The north ravine was full of water up to our waists. On the top of the hill we saw that the pack had moved off one and a half miles from the line of floe-bergs protecting the ship. We got on board the ship at 3.30 a.m. on the morning of the 24th, having had a very jolly trip.

After breakfast I started cleaning my musk-ox head on the upper deck under Major Feilden's supervision. It was very smelly after eight days. I felt sick, and was so. The Major gave me some tow with carbolic on it to put up my nose. I lit my pipe, finished my head and had it put in a cask of brine, where it remained till we got to England.

We were hard at work getting the ship ready for sea on the 26th. The last of the stores were on board. On the 27th Parr blew up with a 43-lb. charge of powder the heavy piece of ice which closed our exit through the line of grounded floe-bergs. All we wanted was a south-west wind to take the main pack off-shore and let us escape.

Our way south was down Robeson Channel. Shaped like a funnel, its axis N.N.E. and S.S.W., eighteen miles across at its narrowest point. It opened out to the east and west about latitude 82° 15′. The

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Alert was on the western lip of the funnel. The pack as it drifted south pressed on the land on the west side, our road down, and filled the narrow neck of the funnel. The critical point was Cape Union, fifteen miles south when the channel narrowed. On the 31st, at 4 a.m., a strong south-west wind sprang up; we raised steam, and after five hours' hard work with the ice the ship was pushed through the narrow opening. We got as far as Cape Union, fifteen miles, and the pack closing in the ship was got into a small indentation in the shore ice. We eventually were forced into the pack, and drifted with it to the south. On passing Cape Union, on the 3rd of August, open water was seen near Lincoln Bay. We forced our way into it and escaped the pack, which might, with a shift of wind, have taken us to the north again. It was a very critical time, and it was due to Captain Nares' skill and courage that we got free. On the 4th the ice closed in at Cape Beachy, fifteen miles from the *Discovery*, and held us up. On the 8th a floe-berg, pressed in by the wind, gave the ship a nip which raised her three feet. All hands were put on the berg to cut it away and lighten it, as it had grounded. On the 10th, after three days' work, it floated off at high tide, and we were able to get on.

We reached the breakwater (Bellot Island) on the 11th and anchored alongside the *Discovery* at 9 p.m. It was like getting home again after an absence of three months. All hands were on deck, and I got a cheery welcome when I got on board.

On the 14th I was sent out to Cape Murchison,

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with provisions for Rawson. He was encamped on the top of a hill, on the look-out for Beaumont's party, who should have been back by now. The *Alert* had moved out to the breakwater to look out for him. He was sighted early next morning, and got on board the *Discovery* about noon. He was very thin and grey. They had been set to the south crossing the Channel, and had reached land near Cape Lieber. His story was the same as Archer's—bad travelling, scurvy. Two of his men died just as he reached Hall's Rest. He made a very fine journey notwithstanding, having explored a large track of North Greenland. He reached his furthest point on the 21st May, and had taken eighty-four days returning!

On 16th a large party from both ships went off to the coal seam twenty-five to thirty feet thick that had been found during the summer by our people. Many fossils of plants and ferns were found.

On the 18th. We said good-bye to our home for so many months, with regrets and hopes of further work to the southward. We anchored alongside the *Alert*, were pushed ashore by a floe and heeled over 15° when the tide fell, but got off all right at high water. We made several attempts to get out, but the ice prevented us. On the 20th, after tedious boring through the ice, we reached open water near Cape Lieber. From there we made good progress south till the 21st when the ice forced us to take refuge in a bay near Cape Collinson. The ice set in and forced the *Alert* ashore. At low water she was heeling over 26°, and was dry from her forefoot to the main chains. The ship was lightened,

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a bower anchor floated astern on a raft of ice and let go; when high water came she was got off, a near shave. Further progress was slow, being held up at times till the 27th, when we reached Dobbin Bay. We turned over ten tons of patent fuel to the *Alert*, as her coal was running short. The weather was very bad, snowing hard, and colder at night 20°. Ice was forming that did not melt in the day-time; it appeared as if we might have to spend a second winter in the North.

On the 30th we started, were sent ahead and had a rare jamming and punching with the ice; after four hours of rather unprofitable work we made fast. Hans shot a large ground seal on the ice; weight, 500 lbs.

On the 1st of September we took on board the depôt we had left at Cape Hawks. On the 3rd of September both ships were fast to the ice off Cape Victoria, and, being Sunday, all hands had gone over to the *Alert* for church. I was the officer of the watch on the *Discovery*. The Ice Quarter-Master, Old Dougal, told me that there was a large seal asleep on the ice astern of the ship. I got "Archer's" express rifle, and taking careful aim from our stern killed it. Of course the shot was heard on the *Alert*, and Captain Nares came on deck to see what it was. Captain Stephenson on his return on board reprimanded me for "disturbing Divine Service!" At dinner later, he said, "What was its weight?" "556 lbs., sir." "A fine beast, and a good shot." I cut off its fore flippers and have them now.

From the 3rd to 9th of September the same story,

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a perpetual struggle with the ice, getting south slowly and the season getting on. Our sick men were improving, work on deck, but no boat work or going aloft. Captain Nares had decided to take both ships home, as he feared that with the advent of a second winter the disease would appear again in a worse form. It was a great disappointment to many of us, who hoped that one ship would be left.

On the 9th we were steaming through miles and miles of young ice three to four inches thick. At 11.30 p.m. stopped off Cape Isabella. Commander Markham went up to the Cairn we built on our way up, and found our letters; they had been left by the Pandora a month before. All were well at home; the letters smelt of rum, having been put in a rum cask. We afterwards found that the major part of the mail had been left at Lyttleton Island.

On the 12th there was a strong southerly gale, and we anchored in Bardin Bay for shelter. It was very dark at night, and lots of icebergs about. It cleared, and we crossed Baffin's Bay under sail; steam could not be used except in a perfect calm, as he had so little coal left. We got to Disco on the 25th and stayed two days.

The *Pandora*, Sir Allen Young, had left four days before we arrived.

We got a small amount of coal which the Governor kindly gave us. Hans and Frederick were landed. We gave them the remainder of what had been two magnificent teams of dogs. Poor things, they had had a bad time. Many were lost through a kind of madness, not rabies; some had run away and some

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died from accidents. On our way down Baffin's Bay some bales of clothing for the men and officers were opened. They had not been touched since they were put on board at Portsmouth. First one, then another, went sick. The symptons were: headache, loss of appetite, general pains and a temperature. Bed for two or three days produced a cure. We were so short-handed that the Captain and 1st Lieutenant had to take a watch. This was in 1876. Now in 1929 it would be called influenza. We had not been in contact with human beings since we left Cape York in August, 1875. All the time we were up north colds and coughs were unknown.

On the 27th we lengthened our table, turned out the stove, and all the "Alerts" dined with us. We sat down twenty-five. It was a very merry dinner, with songs and music after.

On the 29th we steamed across to Egedesminde and coaled. The Governor, his wife and children, came on board next day and we gave the youngsters an entertainment.

On the 2nd of October, at 8 a.m., we weighed and made sail to a fair wind. Homeward bound. On the 12th, during a severe gale, the ship being hove to under a close-reefed main-topsail and storm stay sail, the rudder head of the *Alert*, which had been sprung in the ice, became unserviceable. Captain Nares signalled, "Rendezvous Queenstown, where he would repair rudder before sailing up the Channel".

On the 16th we fell in with the *Pandora*, and the three ships kept company till the night of the 19th,

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when we ran into another heavy gale and lost sight of one another.

On the 29th we sighted Cape Clear and hove to for several hours in hopes that the *Alert* might turn up. It was a lovely day, with a light breeze. A pilot cutter hailed us, "Do you want a pilot?" "No." "Where are you from?" "Greenland." All the officers and men were wearing plain cloth jackets and trousers—no sign of uniform and no white ensign.

After sailing round us, the pilot hailed, "I am coming on board". The Captain disappeared below and told Beaumont not on any account to disclose our identity, as we did not want the news of our arrival to be broadcast till Captain Nares did so. He came on board, was taken down to the mess and given whisky. As he left he said, "You are not a warship; the ship is a whaler, but you carry too many hands". He left a bundle of newspapers and went away as puzzled as he was at first.

We got into Queenstown and found the *Alert*, she had put into Valencia to shift her rudder. The two Captains left for London by mail, and we sailed up-channel and got back to Portsmouth on the 2nd of November. All our people were there to welcome us. The Admiralty very kindly sent us all away for three weeks' leave. The ships were left in the dockyard in charge of a party of riggers (men who had served their time and were pensioned and employed in the dockyard).

On our return I saw one of these old gentlemen, an ex-P.O. He told me he had a grand time with

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the visitors that flocked on board while we were on leave. "They all asked me about the coal you had found up there. I thought it a pity to disappoint them so gave them small lumps of coal I had picked up in the dockyard, and many a half-crown I got from them."

I was promoted Lieutenant, and put on my second stripe; the ship was paid off, and we all separated. All our journals and papers were sent up to the Admiralty and returned to us later. I said goodbye to the Captain and all my brother officers with much regret; especially to Captain Stephenson, who had been so kind to me in the *Caledonia* and now in the *Discovery*. He gave me the following certificate on leaving, which I trust I may quote:

> "Mr. Conybeare is a steady and trustworthy officer of the watch, and has conducted himself throughout to my entire satisfaction. Has shown great zeal and judgment on several occasions when in command of detached sledging parties."

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CHAPTER III

EASTERN SOUDAN EXPEDITION

DECEMBER, 1877, *TO MAY*, 1884

I went on leave and had a good lot of shooting at home and with the Muirheads in Oxfordshire. Then came a most interesting time in London, staying with Louisa Lady Ashburton at Kent House for some weeks, and met Motley, the American Ambassador, and Carlyle, with whom I had a long talk. We went to Millais' and Burn Jones' Studios.

I was now on half pay, with no prospect of getting a ship till my turn came, some months hence. I thought of Oxford, and my father fell in with my views, wrote to Bradley, Master of University College, an old friend of his. It was arranged that I should come up in January for the Spring term; my fees were to be paid, and my matriculation examination would take place later! I wanted to go to "Univ" as I knew many men in their third year. Reggie Acland, Harry Cross, Pearson and others. Coming up in the way I did I was not considered a "fresher". I got college lodgings just outside the gate of "Univ", and dined in Hall. I did not wear cap and gown. One evening, coming back to my rooms from the gymnasium, where I had been fencing, I was chased

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by the Proctor's bulldogs. He asked me for my name and college, not being in cap and gown. I replied Lieutenant Conybeare of the Royal Navy, attached to University College. He laughed and asked me what I was doing. I told him I had come up to work at chemistry while I was on half pay. I did not have to call on him next morning and from then was free of the Proctor. I loved Oxford, having spent the winter there when I was about ten years old with Dr. and Mrs. Acland at Broad Street, and this was the explanation of my friendship with all his family. I spent my mornings at the chemical laboratory at Christchurch, under Professor Harcourt, and attended lectures. During the summer term the afternoons were passed pulling on the river. Cold supper in my room or the room of a friend. Ruskin was up while I was there, and I went to a lecture of his on Cimabue, and am afraid that early Italian art was rather lost on me.

When the week of the eights came on—our boat in which Cross was pulling went head of the river—I ran with the crowd on the bank each evening, when a bump took place, the rival crowds sometimes collided. One beast, not one of our men, blew a horn in my ear and I tipped him into the river. After the Bump Supper we had a great "tomasha" in quad. A large bonfire was lighted, the Dons keeping out of the way. The Oxford town fire brigade turned up to see what was the matter.

The best of times had to come to an end, and at the end of term I went down, saying goodbye to all my friends. I had for some time been thinking of

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taking up the torpedo service, and for that reason had gone to Oxford to work at chemistry. I wrote to Commander A. K. Wilson, in the *Vernon*, my old shipmate in the *Caledonia*; he told me to apply for the half-pay torpedo course. I joined with several Post-Captains, Commanders and Lieutenants. Lectures in the forenoon, practical instructions in the afternoon. I found that before I could be accepted I must put in a year at sea. I was appointed to the *Raleigh*, Captain Jago, in the Mediterranean.

I took a passage in the P. & O. from London. Lieutenant Hastings Lees was also going out for a year to join a ship. Captain and Mrs. Hughes of the 12th Lancers, and Lieutenant Haines were going out to join their regiments in India. So we made a pleasant party. Haines's cabin mate was an elderly Scotsman, who never drank in the saloon at meals, but always looked rather muzzy. One morning, early, Haines called me, "Look under his pillow!" There was a whisky bottle nearly empty. We got to Malta on the 22nd of September, 1877, and I was on board the old *Hibernia* till I could get a passage. Joined the *Raleigh*, Captain Jago, at Besika Bay on the 5th of October. She was a full-rigged ship and could sail, which was a comfort. Bosanquet was the Commander, a smart officer. Wintz and Hadley, two of the lieutenants; Wodehouse, a son of the old Admiral, was the senior sub in the gun-room. The whole fleet was there, commanded by Sir Geoffrey Phipps Hornby. My old chief in the *Liverpool*, Sir Edmund Commerell, Second in Command, flying his flag in the *Agincourt*. John Marks, another old chum

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of mine, was a lieutenant on one of the ships. It was a pleasant life, plenty of drill and a certain amount of rough shooting on shore. Snipe, partridge, hares and woodcock later on. When the latter came in with the winter, we used to sally ashore, taking lots of midshipmen to beat the bushes, as we had no dogs. Just after my arrival our hounds arrived, the Besika Bay pack; they had been sent out from England; they were a good-looking lot of large beagles. Wooden kennels and stables had been built on shore. There were lots of serviceable Turkish horses, of about fourteen hands, to be got. My mount I called the Camel, as he was rather long in the neck, but he could go alright. Our parson, a Cornishman, was the Master, Marks and I the Whips.

Our first meet: after having walked our pack, we met; all sorts and conditions of mounts and kits. I ran to a pair of cord breeches and brown boots.

We drew some rough ground likely to hold a hare, found in some thick stuff, but did not view, and ran for some distance. The pack surrounded a thick thorn bush. The Master dismounted; no hare, but a large wild-cat! We killed a good hare later on.

The winter of 1877-8 was spent at Besika Bay. The Russians were creeping on and nearing Constantinople. The northerly gales were severe, as the anchorage was exposed, and on several occasions we could not communicate with the shore. However, they brought in the woodcock.

Early in 1878 we were sent up to Lagos to bring away some refugees. We got there and had our trip

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for nothing, as there were none! On our return the weather was thick, and we were not far from the mouth of the Dardanelles. It was my night in, *i.e.*, I had not kept the first middle or morning watches. At 6 a.m. I was awakened by a grinding noise and a crash. We were on shore on the Rabbit Islands, a group of desolate rocks; an anchor was laid out, full speed astern with the engines, but we were hard and fast. The Fleet the day we went on shore went up the Dardanelles; they saw us, and assistance was sent. The next four days were spent in lightening the ship, guns hoisted out, shot and shell and coal. The ship sent got steel hawsers fast to our stern. She went full-speed ahead and we astern and off we came. We did not make water to any extent, but our bottom was much damaged, as the divers reported. We got our guns, etc., on board, sailed for Malta and went into dry-dock. About sixty or seventy feet of our false keel had gone, and our bottom was much damaged.

I enjoyed the six weeks at Malta, riding a good deal, the evenings spent at the delightful Union Club. I made friends with Captain and Mrs. De Robeck, the Captain of the port. She was a delightful lady, and most kind to me and some of my mess mates.

When our repairs were completed we were ordered to the Gulf of Saros, on the opposite side of the Gallipoli peninsular at which place the *Agincourt* was stationed.

The Court Martial was held on our arrival, as the requisite number of ships were present. The Captain,

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the officer of the morning watch, and the Navigating officer were tried. I was luckily out of it altogether, and was not even called as a witness. The Captain and officer of the watch were severely reprimanded, the Navigator the same and dismissed the ship.

We settled down to a quiet time at Saros. The Russians were at the head of the peninsular, separated from the Turks by a narrow river, some seven miles away from our anchorage. On one side was a Russian sentry and on the other a Turkish.

The Russians had been held up in their advance on Constantinople by our Fleet in the Marmora. A large Turkish army was encamped on the heights nearby. Very fine fellows the men were.

To go back to Besika Bay; when orders came to the Fleet to move up. The Beagles were disposed of to a club at Pera, the horses left with the marine grooms at the stables. A small ship was left as guard-ship at Besika Bay. We wanted our mounts, especially the Captain, who had a very handsome pony. I had bought it for the "Old Man" when we began hunting.

It was decided that I should go down, with one officer, and ride them up. I chose Wodehouse, the sub, as he was a pal of mine and could ride. We got a lift in a ship for Besika Bay, and we were hospitably received by the guard-ship.

Our party was two officers, two marines, and six horses. Each marine, besides his own mount, had to lead another with the clothing and stable gear.

We started early one fine morning, and on reaching the "Plains of Troy" one of the pack animals started

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kicking and dislodged its pack, at the same moment some very truculent shepherds demanded baksheesh. They were armed with pistols and knives. We got the marines and the pack-horses in the centre, Wodehouse and I drew our revolvers and rode round the two marines. The shepherds departed with curses. We put the packs right and went on, having to cross several small rivers. One of the ponies, the smallest, was off his legs and swimming. We slept at Chanac one night and two other nights at little Turkish rest-houses. The honesty of the proprietors was wonderful. On arrival "Two officers, two men, six horses, how much". The sum fixed was never exceeded. The animals were always well fed and so were we. Excellent Turkish coffee and Pilaf. Beds we did not try! Wodehouse and I slept on a table with our saddles as pillows. We never took off our clothes or boots. We arrived after four days at a place opposite Gallipoli, where we could cross. I hired a caïque, put plenty of sand in the hold, led the horses over some planks from the small pier, and got them into the hold. We sailed across, a nice breeze and they were sea-sick. We got across, got them out of the caïque, stabled them and went down to the landing-place and met Captain Wells of the *Agincourt*. He was very surprised when he heard where we had come from, and took us on board in his galley. The officer of the watch I did not know. We were left standing on the quarter deck, very dirty and rather disconsolate, when one of the midshipmen I knew very well, Stewart Wortley, took us down to the gun-room. We had hot baths,

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clean clothes, a first-rate dinner, and slept in a hammock again. Next day, our kit having been cleaned, we saw Captain Wells. He said, "I hope they made you comfortable in the ward-room". I said we were most comfortable, but did not say we had been in the gun-room! We got across the four or five miles to our ship, and were thanked by the Captain and our mess-mates for bringing up the horses.

The time at Saros came to an end with a trip to Constantinople, the preliminary treaty between Russia and Turkey having been signed. Sammy Osborn, Wortley and I left in a merchant steamer which landed us at Pera. Our first sight of Constantinople was wonderful, it was early morning. We established ourselves at the Grand Hotel de Pera, and found two young Russian ladies, daughters of a Colonel. They had not seen their father since the war began. Such was their dislike of the English that they got up and left the public room of the hotel when we came in after dinner! We rode out to Baker Pasha's lines. He met us and sent us round with an officer, who explained all the positions. We saw the guns and the men; they were all in first-rate condition, and appeared to be well disciplined. We visited the Bazaar, the Mosque of St. Sophia, and rode out into the country. Our stay was cut short by an order to return at once. A gunboat took back all the officers on leave, and I rejoined my ship just in time to sail for Cyprus. The Indian troops were arriving. At Larnaka I was ashore with a party for some days connected with the

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landing of the troops, and got a bad touch of malarial fever, which put me on the sick-list on board. As I was getting better orders came for my passage to England to join the Royal Naval College at Greenwich to study for the job of torpedo lieutenant. I went to Malta in a steamer that had brought the Indian troops to Cyprus. Heaven! what a ship. She had been carrying grain before she shipped the Indians, and was alive. Cockroaches as large as my thumb fell into the soup at dinner. On going to my cabin I saw a large black beast in a corner. I covered my hand with a thick towel and killed it after a struggle; it was a large tarantula. I told the first mate. He said, "That's nothing! I killed a scorpion in my cabin last night". I slept on deck in a deck-chair till we reached Malta; as the weather was warm it did not matter. At Malta I got into a nice clean ship, the *Assistance*, and felt better. I reached England and joined the College on September 13th, 1878.

Our term qualifying for torpedo were Lieutenants H. Adams, Lake, Chamberlain, Houston Stewart, and myself. Amongst those for gunnery were Lieutenant Wingfield, known as the "Fowl". A first-rate fellow who had been in the *Britannia* with me and many others. Amongst the officers on half-pay were Lieutenants Alvin Corry and Custance (now Admiral Sir Reginald Custance; he easily carried off the first scholarship). I laid the foundation of a friendship which has lasted to this day.

The work was hard, particularly the advanced mathematical part. The lectures were very good,

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and we were fortunate to have an excellent teacher in the place of Mr. Lambert. I had two rooms in King William, a fire in the sitting-room, but the bedroom was like an ice-house in the winter. I was much troubled by the malarial fever I had picked up at Cyprus, and missed several lectures, but the good old Fowl let me have his notes, which was a help.

I liked the chemical work, and two terms at Oxford were a great help. The winter passed, spring and better weather came.

I MEET MY FUTURE WIFE

One day, the end of May, 1879, Alvin Corry told me he had some friends coming to tea, Mrs. Brymer, her two daughters and his sister. He also asked Houston Stewart. We waited; 4.30 passed, 5 o'clock, no ladies. Stewart and I were just on the point of giving it up and going out for a walk, when they arrived. A very pleasant party in Alvin's rooms in King William, and we saw the ladies off from the station on their way back to London.

The examination began on the 1st of June. The mathematical part lasted four days, morning and afternoon. On the last day, a very stiff paper. My malaria was troubling me; after answering one question, I could see no more. I sat and gazed at my paper, but could do nothing. On taking it up to the examining officer, he said, "You can answer all these questions". It was no good, I told him. I was so ill I must clear out. Result, a blank paper

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and no marks. It affected the examination, for I lost my first by a narrow margin. Lake was the only one of our term to get a first. In the natural science papers I did well. On the 13th of June we broke up till the 1st of July. I went down to Hampshire; the trout fishing, bathing and basking in the sun cleared the malaria out of me.

On the 1st of July our term joined the *Vernon*. The torpedo school consisted of the *Vernon*, an old frigate, "Ver non semper viret" the ship's motto.

In the *Vernon* were the lecture-rooms, workshops, store-rooms for mines, torpedoes and gun cotton, etc.

The *Ariadne*, a more modern craft, was where we had our mess, cabins and smoking-room. The two ships were moored off the North Wall, end on, and communicating with one another by a covered bridge, and just ahead of the *Excellent*. We commenced work with the senior long half-pay course—Post-Captains and Commanders. The opening lecture was given by Commander A. K. Wilson in the *Vernon's* lecture-room. In the whole course of my career I never heard a better lecturer; he was always clear and convincing. Many experiments were shown. A model blown up in a tank, another struck by lightning, first with a lightning-conductor fitted, the second without, when the model caught fire. The afternoons were occupied by practical work. As we advanced we went out in the boats up Farnham creek laying mines.

In the course of the autumn, Mrs. Brymer asked me to Ilsington, five miles from Dorchester, from

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Saturday to Monday. More visits followed, and I became engaged. The Commander was the first person to be told. He was a bachelor. I went to his cabin after breakfast. "Please, sir, can I speak to you?" He was writing at his table. When I broke the news, he said, "What! You are not going to be married before you qualify?" I assured him that we had not thought of it, till after I had been up for the exam. This reassured him a little, and he said, "I suppose I must congratulate you".

The week-ends and Christmas leave were spent at Ilsington. I had to leave on Sunday night after dinner, drive to Dorchester, change at Bishopstoke, and got to Portsmouth about 3 a.m.

After the Christmas leave we were at work with the Whitehead torpedoes under Lieutenant May, late of the *Alert*. We had to take all their insides out and then put them together again. It was an awful job. May used to laugh at us, and say what a lot of clumsy fingers. The balance chamber of the older pattern torpedoes was the hardest. We then went to the *Vesuvius*, May's ship, and tender to the *Vernon*, had to adjust the torpedoes and run them. There was an old pattern 16-in. torpedo that was the worst—an old puffing billy. It very often ran along the surface, blowing, instead of taking its proper depth. May's remarks were sarcastic. It had to be caught, brought back and readjusted.

Ward, the armourer, had filled the same rating in the *Discovery*. When we were up north I gave him a sovereign, and he made me a plain gold ring. "Latitude 82°-30°" was engraved inside, and it was

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used as my wife's wedding ring. He was a first-rate workman and taught me to turn metal in his workshop. Poor Ward! after he got his pension he went to New Zealand, and was drowned in a shipping accident.

On the 1st of January, 1880, I was put on the junior staff of the *Vernon*, and had to instruct the seamen's classes. About the middle of March we went up for our examination; we all passed with the exception of two unfortunates. Easter leave came, and I went with my best man, Lieutenant Beaumont, afterwards Admiral Sir Lewis Beaumont of the *Excellent*, our late No. 1 of the *Discovery*, to Ilsington House on the 29th. A large family party had assembled. We were married next day, the 30th of March, in the Parish Church of Puddletown, close to the house. The bride was given away by her elder brother, Colonel Brymer, M.P. for Dorchester. After the wedding breakfast we drove off with a pair of horses. On leaving the village I cried a halt, and cut off the white shoe which was tied on behind the carriage. Our honeymoon was spent at Childe Okeford Vicarage, lent to us by my wife's second brother, the Reverend John Brymer. The bells were ringing a peal on our arrival. We only had seven days, and on the 6th were back at Portsmouth.

We had very good rooms at Clarence House, Clarence Parade, Southsea. The following day I was back on board the *Vernon*, a full-blown torpedo lieutenant, with additional pay of 2s. 6d. a day.

A new senior class had assembled; my duties were

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to take a section of six or eight officers and instruct them.

There were three senior post-Captains in my section; they were awfully good, but asked lots of questions and took all my answers as gospel. It was very pleasant work, and at the end of the course they all thanked me. The days we spent at the *Acteon*, a hulk moored in Farnham creek, were very jolly. All the work in the open air and fine weather. We took up our lunch from the *Vernon*, and in the dinner hour played games, rather rough ones!

Tonsorial fashions:—A great number of naval officers wore beards in those days, but there was a difference. The gunnery lieutenants in the *Excellent* favoured a round point, the torpedo lieutenants had theirs cut to a point—"The Torpedo Cut." Hence the picture in Punch, of a barber's shop. "Gunnery or torpedo cut, sir?"

Early in June, 1881, Commander Jeffries, who had succeeded Commander A. K. Wilson, called and told my wife that shortly I was to be appointed to the *Cambridge* gunnery ship at Plymouth, and to be in charge of the torpedo school ship *Perseus* attached to the former ship.

We went to Plymouth, and on the 18th of June I joined the *Cambridge*, Captain Buller, C.B. My work was quite different. I had my cabin on the *Cambridge*, and each morning went to the *Perseus*; my staff consisted of an excellent chief petty officer, an engine-room artificer and various other petty officers.

Our work was qualifying seamen for torpedo ratings. Admiral Sir Houston Stewart was the

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Commander-in-chief at the latter part of our time at Plymouth, an old friend of my wife's family, and he was most kind to us.

Commander Jackson had the boys' training ship *Implacable*, the old French liner *Foudroyant*. A daughter was born to the gallant officer, and he wanted to christen her after the name of the ship, Kate Implacable. It was pointed out to him that this would hardly be fair to the girl, as people would reverse the order of the Christian names. So I believe Foudroyant was substituted.

The winter of 1881-2 was a very trying one, wet and snow. My wife had two attacks of pleurisy, and was ordered to spend the following winter abroad and to leave Plymouth.

She went to her old home at Ilsington, where I joined her on leaving the *Cambridge* at the end of May, 1882.

The war with Egypt broke out, and I was appointed to the *Hecla*, Captain A. K. Wilson, in the place of the torpedo lieutenant who had been accidentally shot on going round one of the forts at Alexandria. After the bombardment I went out in the *Wye*, commanded by a navigator and joined the *Hecla* at Alexandria on the 18th of August.

Norcock was the first lieutenant and second in command, the late Davidson and Slade (Admiral Sir Edmund Slade), the other lieutenants. The subs Henderson and Ballard. A lot of work was going on on shore. Arabi Pasha was a few miles outside the town; the railway bridge outside the town had been blown up by him. It was repaired

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by Captain Wilson and the men of the Fleet. Our 40-lb. Armstrong gun from the forecastle was landed, fitted to a railway truck and manned by a crew of our men, with Lieutenant Davidson in charge. The armoured train used to steam out, and the gun shelled Arabi's position.

One evening the Captain came on board with the news that the Fleet were to weigh that evening, escorting the transports with the troops, and to anchor in Aboukir Bay, as a feint to draw Arabi away from Alexandria. It succeeded. The next day at dawn we steamed for Port Said, and the transports entered the Canal and proceeded to Ismalia, notwithstanding the protests of M. de Lesseps, who told Admiral Hoskyns that the ships would only enter the Canal over his dead body. It is said that Hoskyns replied that one dead body would not make much difference.

We remained at Port Said, having left Davidson behind with his armoured train.

A force of Egyptians were in a fort some seven miles off. Arabi, having heard of the transports in the Canal, had gone to Cairo. A scare of a possible attack caused our landing parties with field-guns to occupy a position outside Port Said. I was in charge of our men. We marched out and occupied the line selected, and bivouacked for the night with pickets out in front. I found a shelter in a small ruined shack. As I lay down on the sand in my great-coat, I felt a lot of hard lumps; in the morning I found that they were skulls and bones, and I had been sleeping in a Mohammedan tomb.

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Our hope of a brush with the Gyppies came to nothing, and we were ordered to return on board. In a few days a Turkish transport with Turkish troops on board entered the Canal. I was sent off in our large picket boat armed, with orders to follow her through the Canal. It was hot, as we steamed after her. There was a block in the Canal when we got to the Bitter Lakes. A Russian steamer had gone on shore (purposely?) between Ismalia and Suez. All ships anchored in the Bitter Lakes. The Captain of a "Messageries Maritime" mail steamer told me I might make fast my boat to his stern, and invited me to come on board till the Canal was clear. I spent the best part of two days on board as his guest.

The French ladies on board were very curious, and asked me many questions as to what we were doing, but did not get much satisfaction. The Canal was cleared, and we followed our charge to Suez, where I found the *Euryalus* with the flag of Sir William Hewitt. I reported to him, had breakfast with him, and returned to Port Said. Before long we were sent up to Ismalia. We found the *Carysfort*, Captain Stephenson, late Captain of the *Discovery*, there and other ships. A rather smart piece of work was done.

An important railway junction was occupied by the Egyptians; it was out of sight of the ship's deck, but could be seen from the mast-head, and was just in range of her guns. A gun-director was mounted on the fore-topmast cross-trees, the right elevation and direction was given to the gun.

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The first shell struck a loaded troop train in the centre, and another dropped amongst a cavalry regiment. Ismalia was a busy place, Lord Wolseley and staff were there, the place was full of military stores. The general wanted two of our guns mounted outside the town. A small fort was built by the Royal Engineers, gun emplacements, magazines, etc.; it commanded the approach to the town from the desert. Two of our quarter-deck guns were hoisted out and got on shore. I got them singly into railway trucks, and applied to the C.R.E. for an engine to haul the guns out to the fort. The request was refused, as it would ruin the line—"The sailors must get the guns out as best they can by the road"—a sandy one. I was off at once to catch the Captain, and found him talking to the General. He laughed and said, "You shall have your engine", and gave an order to one of his staff. We went off in triumph, the soldiers cheering, and my men perched astride the guns on the trucks singing. I was about ten or more days in the fort, but no one came to attack us. One of the men was a good bugler, so we had all the regulation calls, including the "last post" at 9 p.m. I rated him my cook one day with the Army rations, flour and raisins (we cadged some suet), and we all had a first-rate duff.

Tel-el-Kebir was fought. Captain Rawson came into my tent and told me that his brother Wyatt had been badly wounded, leading the attack at night on the trenches at Tel-el-Kebir. He was on Lord Wolseley's staff, and had guided the advance by the stars. They got him down to the hospital ship, but

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he died on his way home. Poor dear old Rawson! One of the very best. A very loyal friend. He was the first of the old *Discovery's* to go. The fort was dismantled and we sailed eventually for Malta. The Egyptian war was over. Norcock, our 1st Lieutenant, had been at the front with a boat-load of explosives in one of the sweet-water canals. He was promoted Commander and remained in the ship, so I became 1st Lieutenant, with an addition of 1s. 6d. a day to my pay, the Egyptian medal and the Khedive's bronze stars being added to my Arctic medal.

After a short stay at Malta we were ordered to Corfu. I had heard much about the place, but had never seen it. We got there just as the day was breaking. A lovely morning, and Corfu looking its best, the sun-rays lighting the old grey citadel and with the Albanian hills as a background. Our Captain was a great sportsman, and we had many pleasant days with the snipe in the Albanian marshes. The Captain had an old dog, Brandy, who always came with us. He was devoted to his dog. One day it was ill; he took the dog to see a Vet. on shore, and carried him in his arms all the way. Admiral Baird was at Corfu in his yacht, and one day he took the Captain and two of us down the coast to try for the woodcock which were reported to have come in, but our bag was small.

We got back to Malta the second week in December. I had missed my wife's arrival, for she had come on the 6th of November. I was much disappointed at not being back in time. Her elder brother, Colonel Brymer, very kindly had brought

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her out. She was established at the Grand Hotel facing the big square. Our life at Malta together was very pleasant, and the winter in a warm climate did her good. The *Hecla* sailed for Portsmouth in March, and my wife followed by P. & O. on the 22nd of April, 1883. We took up our abode at Southsea Terrace. Dicken, who was in the same term with me in the *Britannia*, and his wife were our near neighbours. We soon left for Bantry Bay to join with the Channel Fleet at mining exercises there. A regular mine-field was laid out, contact mines and observation mines, with two firing stations on shore. This entailed an enormous amount of work, preparing the mines, laying them and bringing all cables, etc., to the shore station.

The 500 lb. observation mines were fitted on shore. Captain Tryon, he was a bit hot-tempered at times, came along, "What d——d fool is in charge of these mines?" A very red-faced officer took his head out of the mines he was fitting and said, "I may be Captain Fisher's d——d fool, but I am not yours, sir". Lieutenant Younghusband was Captain Fisher's (the Late Lord Fisher) torpedo Lieutenant. He was an extraordinary clever fellow, and also a bit hot-tempered like Captain Tryon.

The *Polyphemus*, Commander May, experienced trouble when firing her submerged torpedoes on the beam when going at full speed. A Committee was appointed with Captain Wilson as President, myself as Secretary. The running took place at Spithead the summer of 1883. Experiments were made in the *Hecla's* torpedo flat, with an apparatus

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made at Woolwich to ascertain the speed and the various strains which the torpedo experienced on leaving the ship due to the pressure of the water.

The work was interesting and kept us occupied for some time, a remedy was eventually found. Mr. Watts, an official from Woolwich Arsenal, was a member of the Committee; the apparatus spoken of above was made under his supervision, from Captain Wilson's plans.

We went to Malta in the late autumn and my wife arrived on the 17th of November, 1883.

In the winter of 1884, things were going badly at Suakin in the Soudan. An Egyptian force under General Baker Pasha, which had been sent to relieve the garrison of Tokar, had been massacred near Trinkitat.

The Mahdi's forces were near Suakin and the whole country was in a state of rebellion.

It was decided to send a British force to Suakin: the 42nd and 75th from Malta, troops from Egypt, a regiment from Aden, marines from the Mediterranean Fleet and a naval brigade from the *Hecla* and the ships in the Red Sea. The *Hecla* shipped most of the marines; in the Red Sea they were fallen in, in their stockings, and boots were served out to them. One enormous Irishman, when asked for his size, said, "Small eleven, your honour". Elevens are the largest size known, and the casks of boots had to be ransacked before a pair could be found.

Off Suakin we and the transports were diverted to Trinkitat, from which place our advance on

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Tokar was to be made. I was given command of our party from the *Hecla*. The Captain cut out one of my men, Mic O'Regan, an Irishman with a bad character on board. The man said, "Take me, sir. Ask the Captain. I give you my word of honour I will keep straight". I did so, and got the man. He was as good as his word. I knew he would not let me down. He cooked well, and was a good bugler. He had been on shore with me at Ismalia with the guns. I always found that if you put a man on his honour and *trusted* him, one was never let down.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE

Commander	Rolfe	H.M.S.	*Euryalus*
Lieutenant	Walter Graham, 2nd in command		„
„	Montressor, Adjutant	„	„
„	Almack	„	*Briton*
„	Houston Stewart	„	*Dryad*
„	Conybeare	„	*Hecla*
„	Royds	„	*Carysfort*
		(Wounded at Teb., died.)	
Sub.-Lieut.	Henderson	„	*Hecla*
Mid.	Hewitt	„	*Euryalus*

Total, 13 officers and 150 seamen with six machine-guns.

After getting in order and settling our transport mules for the ammunition, camels (brutes!) for our blankets and kits, we crossed the marsh and camped for the night near Fort Baker. No tents were carried, except the hospital tent. The camel that had carried our sections blankets and kits had lost its load crossing the marsh! No blankets and no kit, con-

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found and curse all camels! The officers had a sing-song over our camp-fire that night, for the nights were cold in the desert.

I quote from notes taken at the time.

Friday, the 29th of February—Heavy rain in the early morning, which wetted every one; at 8.30 a.m. the whole force marched in the following order. Front face of the square the 75th, right half and left half batteries at the corners of the square. Right face the 89th, left face the 65th, the 80th and marines in columns of companies inside the square, on the right and left faces. The R.A. Guns Medical Staff and transport in the centre of the square. The 42nd the rear face of the square. The force marched till 10 a.m., when the cavalry scouts on our right face and ahead discovered the enemy established on our left in a redoubt with two Krupp guns. The direction of the square was changed a little to the right, so as to get round the redoubt and avoid a frontal attack. At 11, fire was opened by the two Krupp guns, and at 11.15 the first man was wounded in the square. At this time the left face of the square had become the front face and opened fire on the enemy. As the left half of the naval guns became engaged, Lieutenant Royds was mortally wounded. The right face; the 75th and right half naval battery, were ordered to lie down, this was to my mind the most trying part of the day. The two guns had got our range, and were dropping shrapnel, which came into the square. A shell burst close to the half battery, killing a man and wounding several of the 75th and J. Toleman, P.O. first class, my marker of the third gun. The limber was struck

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in several places. To check this fire, Colonel Wodehouse came outside the square with his two guns; his first shot fell at the foot of the redoubt, the second got one of the Krupps and silenced it, a subsequent shot the remaining gun. I was watching with my field-glasses, saw the shell fall, and the guns and their gunners disappear.

As the 65th marines and left half battery neared the redoubt the blacks rose from their holes by the hundred and charged right home to the square. Our fire was too much for them, but a few reached the face of the square. Several hand-to-hand fights took place. Captain Wilson, going to the assistance of a man, broke his sword short and continued the fight with the hilt! He was wounded in the head by a cut, but had it bandaged and returned. He eventually got the V.C. for his plucky action. By this time the square had advanced and the right face came into action, a determined stand being made near an old boiler and sugar refinery. When the redoubt was taken the cavalry were ordered to charge, as the enemy were streaming away to the right. They suffered severely from spear-wounds, and many horses were brought down. I saw the charge, the 10th Hussars and 19th Lancers. General Baker Pasha, Colonels Burnaby and Barrow of the 19th were severely wounded, and four officers were killed. I saw General Baker riding with his old regiment the 10th.

After the second redoubt and the sugar refinery were taken, the ground had to be cleared out, as lots of unwounded men were hidden in their holes

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in the ground. I saw one jump up about 200 yards in front of the 42nd; he made for a 42nd man. I saw him hit more than once, but still he came on and got his spear into the Highlander and fell dead on his body. The doctor was on the spot, the Highlander was killed. I said, "Doctor, look at the other man." He had been struck by three bullets above the waist, all mortal wounds, but had still come on, killed his man, and fell dead himself on his body. Marvellous courage indeed. After the fight we bivouacked on the ground.

Mic O'Regan appeared with a large Arab burnous. "This will do for a blanket, sir, as we have lost ours." I cut it in half and shared it with him.

Poor Royds was carried back to his ship by his men and died the next day. Captain Wilson and Admiral Sir William Hewitt also returned to their ships.

The next day, Royd's men having returned, they had had a long tramp to the ship with him and then back again to the brigade; we started for Tokar. It was hot dragging the guns through the sand and our water-bottles were soon finished. The enemy fled and we halted opposite Tokar, which was a collection of huts, gardens and, oh joy, wells! The doctors examined the water; it was pronounced all right, and men sent to the wells to fetch water How we drank! As we were to remain at Tokar next day while the Cavalry advanced alone, we set about making ourselves comfortable, as all sailor men do. Shelters were rigged up from wood, etc., from the huts. My men discovered a large

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earthenware cooking pot, a kid, several pigeons; and vegetables from the gardens were found. A magnificent stew was made which lasted all next day. Lots of the officers visited our shack, had a basin of stew and said, "How well you sailors do yourselves".

On the 2nd of March. As the enemy had disappeared altogether the force marched back to Trinkitat and embarked, and so ended my first taste of active service. I must say I enjoyed it, and was quite ready for a second. They were very glad to see us back, baths, dinner and bed. My wounded men had been taken to the hospital ship and were doing well.

Toleman had a nasty wound in his ankle (shrapnel). I put a bandage round it at the time and called the doctor. He had to wait a bit, but never complained.

By the 10th of March the change of base from Trinkitat to Suakin had been completed; 4,500 men, ammunition and stores had been embarked in a week.

On the 11th the men rested after their labours of disembarking stores, etc., before commencing a second attack on Osman Digna, the Arab leader.

The force was in two brigades, General Graham in command, General Davis commanding the 1st brigade and General Buller the 2nd.

The first brigade, the 42nd, the 65th, Marines and Naval Brigade.

The second, the 75th, the 60th and the 89th. The R.A. guns were between the two brigades.

The combined force left Suakin on the evening

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of the 11th and marched out nine miles to the Zareeba (constructed by Baker's Army before it sailed for Trinkitat), where we bivouacked for the night. At 1 p.m. on the 12th we left, and at 5 p.m. the enemy was sighted, but retired as we advanced. Another zareeba was formed, where we spent the night. At sunset large numbers of the enemy appeared, 1,400 yards to our front.

Some 9 pr. shells were fired, and two of the Naval Brigade guns opened fire, to which they replied by rifle fire, not effective. At 7 p.m. the firing ceased. At 1 a.m. a heavy fire was opened on us at short range. We stood to arms, the aim was bad, the bullets going overhead. The Fuzzy Wuzzies did not understand the use of sights on their rifles! As the attack was not pressed, we lay down and passed a very unpleasant night, as a continual dropping fire was kept up, which kept most of us awake all night. Midshipman Hewett however slept peacefully through all the firing; he was lying on the ground next to me, with his arm across my leg. Only one man was hit through the head as he was lying down. All our native scouts, etc., bolted through the rear face of the zareeba, and I suppose made for Suakin, for we never saw them again. In the morning the cavalry were sent ahead to scout and reported very few natives in the bush ahead! At 8 a.m. of the 13th we moved out of the zareeba. The first brigade on the left, the second on the right, in square formation with the R.A. guns between. Soon the enemy were seen on the front of our square in large numbers. The order was given to charge. The front of the

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square and the naval guns advanced at the double till it reached the edge of a steep nullah, which was full of the Arabs ; fire from the troops and guns was poured on them, the smoke and the steep side of the nullah preventing its being effective. Shortly we were surrounded by black figures cutting and stabbing with their spears. The confusion and smoke prevented me from seeing our other guns. The men of the regiment who should have supported us began to fall back. I appealed to a sergeant to get the men to stand ; but it was no good, we were alone. We took the sights and machine-gun handle, and fell back in a rallying square, leaving the gun, which had been run partly down the edge of the nullah. We passed lots of men, but kept them off, with only two of my men slightly wounded. In four or five minutes we were back out of the pandemonium ; it seemed an eternity. We found the troops, and reformed. The other brigade had been only lightly attacked, had advanced firing across our front and relieved the pressure on our square. When the line was reformed, blue-jackets, 42nd and Marine, we advanced and retook the guns. The Arabs had tried to set on fire one of the limbers with burning cow dung. As I had had a bad blow on the head during the Mêlée I was sent back to the zareeba. I found a comfortable place behind some bales of hay; a 65th man was there, as well as myself. The regiment was on its way back from India, and had been stopped at Aden. He was a typical old soldier, and had been hit in the ankle. A bandage was on, and he was waiting for the doctor to attend to him.

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I asked him if he was in much pain, and if I could do anything for him. He asked me to fill his pipe for him, as he could not move. I filled his pipe from my pouch and smoked myself. I asked him how he was getting on. He said, "Fine, sir, thanks to the baccy. Many a time in India if it was a choice between my breakfast and a pipe—I chose the pipe".

Poor old chap! his ankle was all knocked about, he never complained. All his time had been spent in India.

The enemy, leaving literally heaps of dead on the field, retired to the hills. Osman Digna's power in the Eastern Soudan was broken, for the time. We were able now to take stock of our losses. The Naval Brigade had suffered very severely. Lieutenants Almack, Montressor and Houston Stewart killed—myself returned as wounded, seven seamen killed and ten wounded. I saw poor Houston's body before he was buried on the field with the other officers. They had all been killed by spear wounds. I saw the last of an old friend.

This was the end of the fighting, as now there were no hostile Arabs left in the Suakin district.

I got back to the ship on the 15th. Sent a wire to my wife at Malta, telling her I was all right. She got it about breakfast time next day—most fortunately, as later she heard of the dreadful losses in the Naval Brigade; no names being given in the first official message. I was warmly greeted by the Captain. Our Medico did not put me on the sick list at my request, but told me to keep quiet.

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That night Commander Norcock, when he went to the Captain for orders for next day's work, was surprised to see my name down for embarcation duty on the beach next morning. He ventured to say, "He only came back from the front this evening". The Captain said, "He is not reported as on the sick list, and he will go ashore to-morrow".

Next morning at 5 a.m. I left the ship and began embarking the horses; about 8 or 9 a.m. I felt done up and sat down on a chest. Captain Andoe, in charge of the embarcation, saw me. "You came back from the front reported slightly wounded; what are you doing on the beach in this blazing sun? Go on board at once and tell your Captain I am sending you on board in my own boat, for you are not fit to work on the beach." I was not sure of my reception on getting back, but the Captain met me on the quarter-deck, was much concerned, and made me lie down in his cabin. As the fighting at Suakin was now over, I can say something of the place.

Suakin can only be entered in daylight. An iron beacon erected on an isolated rock, almost out of sight of land, has to be picked up from seaward; when found, a certain course is steered which gives the passage through the reefs. Afterwards great care has to be taken to avoid other underwater reefs. Ships then anchor about three miles from the town. Smaller craft can get into the harbour and moor head and stern. On our arrival in February, a transport with part of the horses of the 10th Hussars had piled up, at high-water on a reef outside the

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harbour. I was given the job of hoisting out the horses into lighters; the ship eventually became a wreck.

Suakin before the Arab rising had an Egyptian garrison, as had Tokar and Sinkcat. Tokar fell after Baker's attempt to relieve it, and Sinkat was supposed to have fallen. The place formerly did a good trade with Massawa and other ports in the Red Sea. There was a good bazaar in the town.

Government House was a substantial building, also a house which was subsequently taken as the quarters of the English officers who were attached to the new Egyptian Army. The British Consulate close by was a good building. On a small island was a distillery for water, very unfortunately for us quite derelict.

The town was built on the sea; on the land-side was a large plain. Some 400 yards from where the buildings ended had been built a circle of small forts, afterwards connected by a wall with ramparts. Outside these defences, scrub and the rising hills. These said hills were full of game, small ibex, gazelle, hares, and quantities of Pallas, sand grouse. Formerly our ships in the Red Sea had good sport there.

With the rise of the Mahdi, Osman Digna, his lieutenant took the field in the Eastern Soudan; he was formerly an Arab merchant at Suakin, and of course knew the town and surrounding country well. As he was disposed of for a time, at any rate, we thought it better to leave a good British garrison at Suakin, but trouble came later.

Having finished up with soldiers and seen the

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last of the transports, we got our orders to sail for Malta and eventually home. Shortly after coming back from the front I had trouble with my right eye, due to the blow on the head I received at Tamai. I could not see well with it, and for some hours after getting up in the morning it was useless. I went to our medico and he put belladonna in the eye. I could see well with the other, so went about my work as usual.

At sea I kept the morning watch, 4 to 8 a.m., and had the rest of the day for my usual work as 1st Lieutenant. There was a senior sub on board who could have kept my watch. I asked the Captain, as I had practically only one useful eye, if he wished me to keep the morning watch. He said, " Certainly you are to keep it ". In the narrow part of the Gulf of Suez, where the number of ships passing is very large, it fell to me to go on deck at 4 a.m., pitch dark. Davidson, whom I relieved, tried to point out to me a green light on my starboard bow, several lights scattered about ahead. I could not see them, but called the signal man, who put down on his slate the various lights. As he was a smart man, I managed to keep clear of the passing ships.

We got through the canal in two days, called at Alexandria, and arrived at Malta on 20th of April, where I found my wife, and a letter from Captain Markham, of the *Vernon* torpedo school, in which he told me that my name had been proposed for an appointment as inspector of torpedo and electrical fittings in ships constructing and under repairs.

We had a very happy week together, and she

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left on the 27th. We sailed a few days later and arrived at Spithead on the 10th of May. On the 14th we went up to town for the day to consult Nettleship, the great oculist, and my eye speedily got better.

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CHAPTER IV

SERVICE AT THE ADMIRALTY AND IN COMMAND OF H.M.S. *SCOUT* IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

MAY, 1884, *TO JULY*, 1890

On the 19th of May I left the *Hecla*, and said good-bye to my old shipmates. As I was now on leave, we went to stay with my people in Hampshire. I was glad of a rest and a quiet time, and looked forward to my new appointment. On the 22nd my mother received a letter from Lord Northbrooke, first Lord of the Admiralty, telling her that he had just approved my promotion, and sent his congratulations to my father and me. It was a great surprise; I had only served seven years as a lieutenant, and my unexpected promotion put me over the heads of some 300 lieutenants. I received my commission, dated the 21st of May, 1884, signed by Admirals Sir Cooper Key and Lord Alcester with endorsement, "Promoted for Services with the Naval Brigade, forming part of the Soudan Expeditionary Force".

The first letter of congratulation was from Captain Parr, late of the *Alert;* many others came from my Naval friends, some that I valued more were from men whose heads I had passed over, notably one from Lieutenant Henderson, known as "Smut"

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Henderson; he got the name as a midshipman, being called after his Captain's dog! He was a most intimate friend of ours, and alas, died the first year of the War, a retired Rear Admiral, of heart failure.

We then stayed with my people; went to Sea View in the Isle of Wight; my sister and brother were of the party. We all bathed, went shrimping, sailed about in the *Triton*, and consumed so many lobsters that my father said he would be ruined!

My appointment was confirmed as Commander for Service on the D.N.O.'s[1] staff at the Admiralty. At first it had been understood that my appointment was to the *Vernon* at Portsmouth, so we had rented a small house from Captain Harris; on hearing that we should have to live in London, he very kindly let us off.

We went up to London, and I commenced work. The D.N.O. was Admiral Sir John Hopkins, my late Captain in the *Liverpool*, his first assistant Lieutenant White, the second myself. We worked in a small room in the old building not far from our chief's room. We shared the same room with the two gunnery assistants to the D.N.O., Commander James Brown and a lieutenant.

After a week in lodgings, we found a house in St. George's Road, Belgravia. I used to walk to my work in the mornings and afternoons, returning at midday to lunch with my wife. She fetched me in the evenings, when my work was over for the day; so I got plenty of exercise.

[1] Director of Naval Ordnance.

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My first trip was to Portsmouth in July, to inspect the torpedo and electrical fittings of ships coming forward for Commission. I had an excellent torpedo gunner as my assistant. My tickets and cabs were paid for, and if I was away for the night I was allowed ten shillings a day for subsistence—a sum that could not cover bed, dinner and breakfast. On one occasion I had a trip to Liverpool in company with a Mr. Smith, one of the staff of the Director of Naval Construction. I found that he was receiving £1 a day for subsistence. He was a civilian and was paid more than a Naval officer!

My first business on arriving at the dockyard was to call on the Admiral Superintendent and explain my work. He generally asked me back to lunch. On returning to London I sent my report to the D.N.O.

On the 29th of August I got seventeen days' leave. We went up to Ayrshire to stay with the Whites, where I shot my first grouse. My work was much on the same lines, frequent visits to Portsmouth, Plymouth, Chatham and Sheerness, the remainder of the time at the office. Official correspondence with the *Vernon* dockyards, etc.

I had joined the Junior United Service Club when I became a lieutenant, and when I got to London Sir Harry Stephenson put my name down for the Senior; the best of Clubs, where I have been, up to now, a member for forty-five years. In 1885, on returning to work after a modest lunch at the Club, I passed a masher; he appeared to have two collars on, one above the other. I put it down

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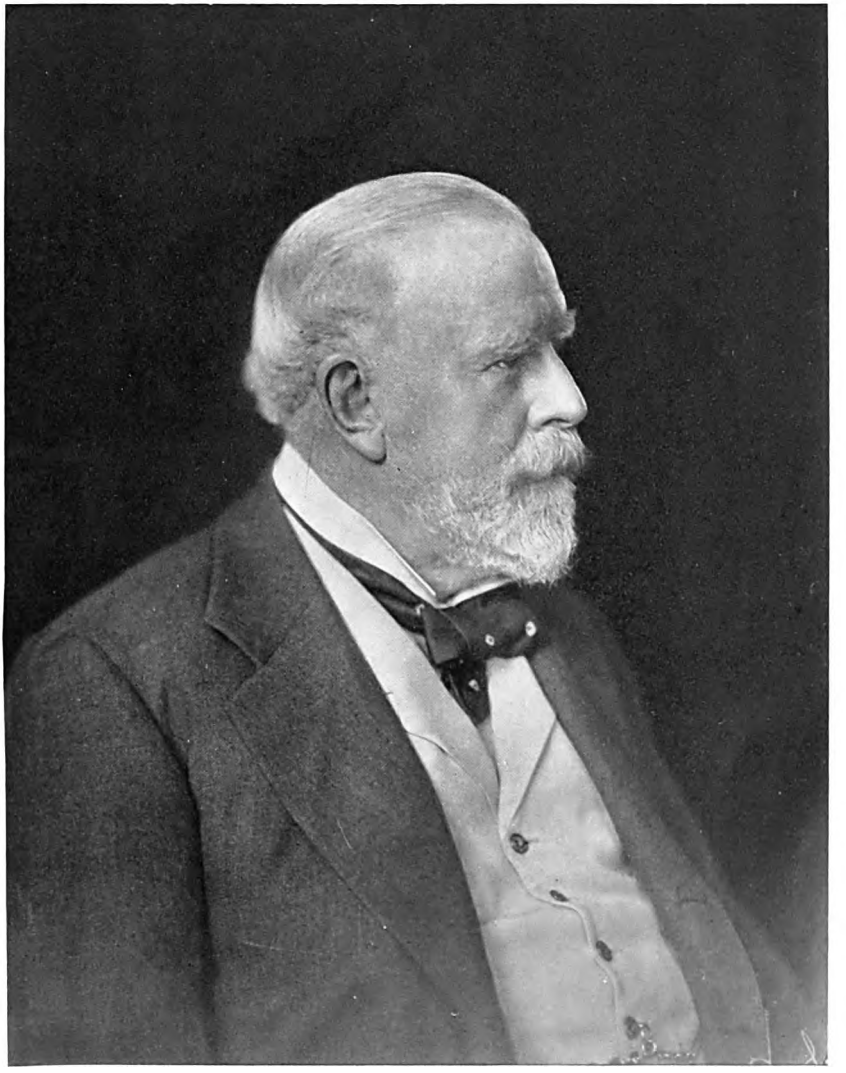

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to liver, and took remedies accordingly. I was worse next day, and my pal, Dr. Acland, took me off to see Nettleship. It was a sort of double sight, brought on by the crack on the head I had got in March, 1884. I wore a shade over the right eye and worked as usual. After a time he said to me, "There comes a time in many cases when the patient apparently makes no progress, and his relations are not satisfied. You can see anyone else you like for a second opinion". I said, "Mr. Nettleship, my wife and I have utmost faith in you; what my relations think I don't care a d——, so I don't want to see anyone else". He laughed and said, "We will cure you all right", and he did so.

In the winter of 1885 we had a Nihilist scare; bombs, etc. Lieutenant Maltby, a friend and the Secretary of the United Service Institution, remembered an old Russian shell in his office; he thought it might still have a charge in it. One dark evening he took it wrapped up as a paper parcel, put it in his bag and dropped it over Westminster Bridge on his way home. It never reached the water, as he thought, but fell on some staging below the bridge. It was found next morning by the police—a paragraph in the evening paper, "Another Russian atrocity". The poor man was in terror lest he should have packed it in paper with some name or address on it that might identify him, but he heard nothing. He told me the story himself. In July, 1886, we had to give up our house in St. George's Road, but found a more convenient one in Warwick Square. We had lots of friends in London, and dined out a

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good deal, as my days were occupied with my work.

In September of 1886 we stayed with Mr. Whitehead at Paddock Hurst. Our hostess was Countess Hoyos, his daughter. I had previously met them at Fiume, when we went there in the *Hecla* to take over and test a consignment of torpedoes. Mr. Whitehead was a wonderful man, notwithstanding his advanced age. He took me to his drawing-office and showed me the drawings of a new torpedo all done by his own hands. The drawings were a marvel.

With all his wonderful talent he could not play whist. I was his partner one night. He never returned my lead and trumped all my best cards; so long as he won the trick himself was all that he thought of. His daughter cautioned me before playing, but it made no difference, as I admired the old man so much. We were taken over to Craddock Park to see the Blounts' famous Arabs. He and his wife did the honours. They were lovely beasts, far finer than any I had seen in the East.

Our last winter in town had tried my wife's health; she caught a chill at a drawing-room, and got pneumonia. Her life was saved by Sir Samuel Wilks, who has my eternal gratitude.

Later in 1886, a ship, a light cruiser at Portsmouth Dockyard, was nearing completion. She was armed with four five-inch Hodgkis guns, and seven torpedo tubes. She was quite supposed to be the latest thing in the torpedo world. Her estimated speed was about seventeen knots. As I had been over two years at the Admiralty, and

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should have to go to sea before long, I cast longing eyes on her.

I spoke to my Chief, and he approved. I got him to speak to their Lordships, and I was given a hint that I might get the ship. I had watched over her fittings as she progressed in the dockyard, and, thanks to my position at the Admiralty, was able to get several constructional changes made by the D.N.C. department, which added to her efficiency and to the comfort of the officers and men who would have to serve in her when she was commissioned. She was destined for the Mediterranean Station, which suited our plans A.1., for my wife could spend the winters at Malta. In fact she left with her maid in the P. & O. for Malta on the 21st of October. The said maid, Carrie, came from my wife's old home, Puddletown, in Dorset. She was with us for years, spending four winters at Malta. We left her at Gibraltar to be married to a Sergeant in the 42nd the Black Watch.

The following incident shows the bad habits of those days in keeping a lieutenant recently promoted to that rank on his half-pay of four shillings a day.

I was at Portsmouth shortly before commissioning the *Scout*; at the Club in the evening a lieutenant came to me and said, "I believe, sir, you are to have the *Scout*; will you take me with you? I have been on half-pay for more than a year; I have no private means, and have overdrawn my account at my Naval Agents." As his certificates were very good I took him and never regretted it.

On the 28th of October, 1886, at 9 a.m. I hoisted

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the pennant, read my Commission on board H.M.S. *Scout*—Lieutenant Torlesse was my 1st Lieutenant, Lieutenant Lang, Navigator; Lieutenants Purvis and Hunter, chief engineer, Geo. White, late of the *Alert*. The crew were all A.B.'s; no ordinary seamen or boys. I got rid of the Admiralty stove and furniture in my cabin, replacing the stove, a hideous object, by a small stove by Feetham of London, and provided a comfortable armchair instead of the horse-hair article provided by a grateful government! My young doctor was a bad egg, and broke his leave. I went up to London and saw the Medical Director General, and got him changed, to my relief and also that of his mess-mates. Admiral Sir Geo. Wills was the C. in C. at Portsmouth. He was very fond of walking round the ships in the dockyard and asking the officers all sorts of questions. He asked me the weight of one of my guns, and also of the anchor. I gave him the figures at once. I don't suppose they were correct, but he knew no better than me. He said, "Your junior engineer did not know the weight of your funnel!"

We went to Spithead for our steam and gunnery trials. We realized 16.9 knots as an average for our runs on the mile. She was very lightly built, only a quarter of an inch of steel in the bottom between you and perdition. At full speed the vibrations were terrific; the table in my fore-cabin was laid for lunch, and I saw a long tumbler gradually walk over the table and fall to the deck.

On the 16th of December I received my sailing orders from the Admiralty "To proceed to Malta,

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calling at Gibraltar". I took as my guest Dr. Theodore Acland; he had had a bad time with the Government Cholera Commission in Egypt and wanted a rest and change. We started; the barometer was falling and the wind in the south-west. Bad weather threatened, and we caught it in the Bay. For three days it blew hard with a heavy sea. The *Scout* was very lively and wet. When we were off the Tagus I decided to go in to Lisbon to give the men a chance of drying their clothes. I reported to the Admiralty. After twenty-four hours, when we had got the men's clothes and the mess deck dry, we started for Gibraltar.

On our arrival I found orders from home to carry out some experiments with a new firing pistol for the Whitehead torpedoes. These experiments kept us about four or six days. Acland and I had a day with the Calpe Hounds; we had been mounted by some officers of the Garrison. We had a first-rate day. On getting on board we were so stiff that we could hardly move. We left Gibraltar in fine weather and ran into a gale in the Gulf of Lyons. There was a heavy sea on our port beam, the ship was labouring heavily; at 6 p.m. I had a look at the guns to see if all was secure; the sea was increasing, so we laid to. The fore-stay sail reefed was hoisted, and her head kept near the wind; I told the officer of the watch to keep the lee screw going easily to keep her from falling off, and passed a very comfortable night.

We arrived at Malta at 5 p.m. on the 30th of December, and moored in Dockyard Creek, our

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future quarters just astern of the *Polyphemus*, Commander Gallwey. I found my wife established in a house in Strada Genio. Next day I reported myself to the Duke of Edinburgh, Commander-in-Chief, at Admiralty House, Strada Mezzodi.

After making my report, he told me to come out to lunch at his house at San Antonio. I drove out, was presented to the Duchess, and gave a full account of my cruise from England, which seemed to amuse them.

On the 7th of January, 1887, I received sailing orders from the Commander-in-Chief to proceed to Port Augusta, Sicily, and place myself under the orders of Captain Jeffreys of H.M.S. *Hecla*, who with Commander Gallwey of the *Polyphemus* will carry out trials of the torpedo fittings of the *Scout*. I sailed a few days afterwards, and the trials began on my arrival; from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. we ran at full speed, firing our torpedoes, with a spell for lunch at 12 o'clock. This went on from Monday to Friday evening each week.

We had discovered a large lagoon near Lentini Station, called Pantana. It was full of duck and other wildfowl. Our proceedings were as follows: Jeffries, Gallwey and myself went up on Friday afternoon, and took up our quarters at a small farmhouse on the banks of the lagoon. We all slept in one large room. At 6 a.m. next morning we had some cocoa and went down to our boats. The shooter sat in the bows and the man propelled the boat with a long pole. We each arrived at our station before daybreak. All was still, then the snow on

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Etna got a rose-coloured tint, and the marsh woke up; one could hear the water-pheasants calling, but they were no good to us, then came the first flight of duck overhead, too dark yet to shoot. After the first flight, birds came in plenty and there was lots of sport. Picking up was difficult, for the marsh was full of willows about five feet high, with narrow passages cut, and a few open spaces; the water was about four deep and slightly brackish, as it was divided from the sea by a bank of shingle. A duck came over and was dropped out of sight behind the reeds: the shooter sat down, and the man polled off and turned; if you had held straight and killed, you saw your bird floating on the water. At our early start it was cold, frost in the boat. At 10 a.m. we were shooting in our shirt-sleeves. At 11 or thereabouts we came in for our meal and after a rest started out again. In the afternoon the shooting was different, for we found the birds sitting in the open spaces in the hot sun; we got most of our teal then. No dog could be used, as there was no solid ground, and the water too thick for him to swim.

The woman at the farm cooked quite nicely for us, and the beds were as clean as they could be. Pantana was all right till March, when the malaria was bad, and in the summer so severe that the family all migrated to the hill, leaving the marsh. Our total bag, for our Friday to Sunday shoots, were duck, 39, teal, 45. No record was kept of the snipe we shot in the evenings on the shores of the marsh. On Sunday evenings we walked up to the station at Lentini and came back to our ship and work. The

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experiments were finished, and I got back to Malta about the second week in February.

On the 30th of March I was sent to Argostoli to carry out quarterly exercises. I found Captain Drummond there as senior officer in the *Temeraire*. On the 9th of April I was ordered to join the *Condor*,[1] Commander H. J. May, not the May of Arctic fame. He sent me a long memo, with directions for our night attack on Argostoli; they were so farcical that I must give an extract. "The *Condor* and *Scout* will form line ahead. The *Condor* will go at full speed, which is nine knots in smooth water! etc., etc. . . ."

Needless to say, at this speed our attack was a farce.

I got back to Malta on the 18th, in time for breakfast, as I see by my wife's notes. I did a lot of useful work in my own ship while I was at Argostoli, so the time was not wasted.

On the 15th of May I received the following Sailing Orders: "You are to proceed to Besika Bay, where you are to receive on board for passage to H.M.S. *Alexandra* Lieutenant His Royal Highness, Prince George of Wales from H.M.S. *Dreadnought*, Captain Sir Harry Stephenson. You are to take advantage of this opportunity to carry out six hours full-speed trial."

I sailed on the 16th early, and got to Besika Bay after a good passage on the afternoon of the 18th. We dined with Sir Harry Stephenson and had a first-rate dinner. We left about 10 p.m. Bad weather

[1] The *Condor* and her class were wooden sloops, barque rigged. They could neither steam nor fight!

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coming on when we got outside Tenedos Island, we caught it. I did not get below till 2 a.m. All the next day we battled against a strong head-wind, and heavy sea. I was back at Malta according to my orders on the 22nd. On the 30th of May we moved into Sir Victor Houlton's house, next to Admiralty House in Strada Mezzodi, which we had taken for three years. It was a charming house, one of the old palazzi; the rooms were beautiful, and the furniture delightful. My wife left in the P. & O. on the 4th of June, with Miss Allen, who had stayed with us all the winter, having come out with my wife in October. It was a very gay winter, a round of dances, opera, and picnics. Constant visits to the Marsa for polo and gymkhanas, not to mention lunches, and dinners on board the ships.

The Fleet sailed for the Golfo d'Aranci early in June, and I followed on the 11th with mails and parcels from the P. & O. On the 13th I was sent to Civita Vecchia till the evening of the 23rd. Leave was given to any officers who wished to see Rome; as the 1st Lieutenant did not hanker after Rome, I went up for four or five days. On getting to my hotel, the first thing to do was to secure a guide, for I spoke no Italian in those days. After my early coffee we started out and did churches all the forenoon, in the afternoons picture galleries, and a drive in the cool of the evening. I am not going to give an account of what I saw in five days, for it would be absurd. I enjoyed St. Peter's and Vatican; after a day or so I struck about the minor churches

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and went to the galleries instead, pictures being more in my line.

The *Alexandra* went to Marseilles, and the Commander-in-Chief left for England to attend the first Jubilee; the station from the 16th to 27th of June being temporarily under the command of Rear-Admiral The Hon. W. J. Ward, the Admiral-in-Charge of Malta Dockyard. On the 27th of June the *Surprise* picked up the Commander-in-Chief on his return from England, and rejoined the Fleet at the Golfo d'Avanci. The Fleet was composed of the following ships: *Alexandra* (Flag) *Dreadnought*, *Colossus*, *Temeraire*, *Thunderer*, *Scout* and *Surprise*, the Admiral's yacht. We got to Barcelona on the 5th of July, and stayed five days. The Spaniards never went to bed till 3 a.m. The Alemaida was as light as day, and all the cafés full. We then went to Valencia for two days, an uninteresting place. I was sent ahead of the Fleet to Cartagena, with orders to present the Admiral's compliments to the Spanish Admiral and inform him as to the number of our ships that would arrive on the 16th. I went on board the Spanish flag-ship. No one could speak French; we were at a deadlock. At last an officer was found who could translate my message to the Spanish Admiral. The Fleet arrived, and the Admiral and all Captains of ship were invited to a banquet on shore. We all landed and walked up. When we had taken our places, I found I was opposite the Duke of Edinburgh. He said to me, "I have on my right and left the Governor and the Spanish Admiral, they can only speak Spanish, the only

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tongue that I am ignorant of, so we are reduced to silence." He spoke French, German and Italian! At last it was over, and we got on board. I did not find it dull, as my neighbour had a few words of French.

We got to Malaga on the 24th of July. There was no harbour, as there had been at the three previous places, so we had to lie outside and felt the sea breeze that sprang up in the morning and blew freshly till it died down and was succeeded by the land breeze in the evening, which was not so strong. This is characteristic of the Spanish Mediterranean Coast in the summer.

I went up to Granada with a couple of friends. We had to change at Bobadilla and lunched there; they gave us a savoury Spanish dish that we all partook of. When we got into the train, we found the dish had been freely flavoured with garlic!

We put up at the Washington Irving Hotel at Granada and spent the next two days in the Courts of the Alhambra. Too lovely for words.

At Gibraltar we all coaled, a nasty job at any time, but worse in the hot weather. The Fleet left for Cadiz on the 11th of August, and to my great content left me behind.

I used to ride out to the cork woods beyond the Spanish lines. As everyone knows, Gibraltar is a free port; *i.e.* there are no duties. The rock scorpions who come in to work every day used to smuggle tobacco through the Spanish lines and often evaded the Spanish custom officers. I have seen women, after getting some way past the lines, sit down and

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undress; tobacco was hidden in their hair, round their waists and in their stockings. I made friends with the 60th Rifles, dining at their mess, and had some merry parties on board the *Scout*.

The Fleet came back and we all started on the 20th of August, touching at Bougie in Africa, Corfu and Venice. The Fleet had to lie outside, and I took the Admiral up to Venice when he went on board the *Surprise*, which was waiting for him, with the Duchess of Edinburgh on board. I was moored off Saint Mark's Square. It was my first sight of Venice. I used to spend the hot afternoons with a book and pipe in a shady canal, at my ease in a gondola. Lido was then a fishing village with a few cafés that the Venetians used to visit in the evening. Then came Trieste, Pola and Lava. At Trieste I saw the iron rings at the corner of the streets, where ropes were rove for the inhabitants to hold on to when the terrible Bora blew in the winter.

Cattaro deserves a word. The entrance is grand, a narrow winding channel between precipitous mountains. The harbour at the head of the gulf was landlocked and would hold any fleet in the world. Cettinge was miles off, up a mountain, that took I don't know how many hours to get to. I was quite content to remain in Cattaro. The Duke of Edinburgh went up to visit the Prince of Montenegro for a few days, leaving the senior Captain in charge of the Fleet. "On the 6th October the attacking squadron sailed, on the 10th War declared." This refers to an attack on the *Colossus* and *Hecla* at Argostoli. They were

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to defend themselves by a minefield, and the *Hecla's* second-class torpedo boats; field-guns were landed at the entrance of the harbour.

The attacking squadron, Dolphin Commander Hedworth Lambton, senior officer, *Polyphemus*, *Scout*, *Albatross*, *Imogene* and two first-class torpedo boats. On the 10th the *Polyphemus* and *Scout* were sent in to make a reconnaissance at 10 p.m. We engaged the enemy's torpedo boats, and put several out of action. We discovered the *Colossus* at anchor behind a minefield. The next night there was another attack and one of our first-class torpedo boats was put out of action by a shore battery. At night was to be our grand attack. At 12 a.m. the *Polyphemus* led the attack followed by the *Scout*. The *Colossus* sighted the former, turned her searchlights on and commenced firing. During the confusion and profiting by the smoke the *Scout* dashed by unseen, and steamed up to the top of the harbour. Commander Lambton was on board, but left the direction of the attack to me. The *Scout* lay close under the high land unobserved. At 1.15 a.m., as the moon would rise then, the attack was made, proceeding close to the high land and finally a dash at the *Colossus* at full speed. We got quite near her before we were sighted; the helm was put hard a port, a broadside fired and also dummy torpedoes. A blue light was burnt, claiming that our attack was successful. We then steamed outside and anchored. We had a meal in my cabin, Lambton, myself and my 1st Lieutenant—fried sardines and onions, a midshipman's supper, and very good it was.

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Senior officer's report to the Admiral finishes as follows: "I have the honour to bring to your Royal Highness's notice the brilliant manner in which the Commanders of the *Polyphemus* and *Scout* manoeuvred their ships at full speed (16 knots) during the attack of the 11th, in spite of the smoke and glare of the searchlights directed on them".

The Flag-ship and remainder of the Fleet turned up, and we all returned to Malta, and so concluded our summer cruise, which had lasted from 28th of May till the 27th of October, 1887. All ships required a good clean-up and fresh paint, especially our attacking squadron—which had had the roughest time of any.

The *Scout* was docked, and the men went through the annual rifle course at the range. We were fitted with an experimental apparatus for dropping electric contact mines by the dockyard, so all looked as if we might look forward to a spell in harbour.

My wife arrived in the P. & O. on the 29th of October, and found our new house in Strada Mezzodi most comfortable.

After the Christmas festivities were over, I received orders to go to Port Augustus with the *Polyphemus* to carry out torpedo experiments. Commander Gallway of the *Polyphemus* was a very old friend, a charming man, and the most capable torpedo expert we had. So I anticipated a very pleasant time working with him, also the chance of getting some duck-shooting.

We left Malta early on the 7th of January, 1888. Two of the torpedo tubes were on either side of the

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bows. The experiments were, briefly, to ascertain the effect of the bow wave on various types of torpedoes when the tubes were trained forward. We found considerable difficulty in getting them to keep their proper depth. The bow and stern tubes were also tried at full speed, when the ship was turning. The dropping gear of the Electric Contact Mines recently fitted was tried thoroughly.

I see from my game-book that we went to Pantana and shot on the 13th and 14th of January. We invited Captain Hunter Blair of the 75th and Major Hammans to shoot with us. We put up at our old quarters in the farmhouse, and profiting by our previous experience made better bags and shot twenty-seven duck and thirty teal.

We shot again on the 28th and 29th of January, three guns, and got twenty-seven duck and thirty-two teal. Gallwey and I sent a large hamper of duck to my wife at Malta; her surprise on opening the hamper and finding some thirty duck was great, but they were not all for her. Many were intended for our friends at Malta. We returned to Malta on the 2nd of February, and the usual round of gaieties. I was sent off alone on the 7th of April to Corfu for experiments with the powder impulse doors of the torpedo tubes sent out from England. I was too busy to get any shooting and on the completion of the trials returned to Malta on 16th of April. In June the ship was in the dockyard hands; on the 14th my wife and MacRae (42nd) came on board for the steam trial and lunched. The sea was smooth and a lovely day. We got on shore, dined, and we

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saw my wife off in the P. & O. at 10 p.m. A rather long day for her!

I then left for Port Said to take over the duty as Senior Naval officer from Commander Bradford of the *Garnet*. I touched at Alexandria with stores for the *Carysfort*, Captain Pringle. As life at Port Said was likely to be dull I took one of my ponies (Flitters) in a horse-box with me. I arrived at Port Said and moored in the inner basin, just off Dutch House. It was an awful place, nothing but coal-dust from the ships coaling there. I had a look round, and saw a first-rate billet between two buoys off the lighthouse, outside the town and away from the coaling. A Dutch steamer was lying there that plied between Port Said and Trieste weekly. She was due to leave next day and would not return for five days. As soon as the Dutchman was off, I slipped into his place. The harbour master told me that he had no actual right to it, but had used it as a custom. When the ship was sighted coming back I went on deck; when abreast of me, he blew his siren, and told me he wanted his billet. I said, "I am the Senior Naval Officer here, and am going to remain", and did so.

Royds, the P. & O. agent and his charming wife, gave me a warm welcome. Unfortunately, they were going on leave to escape the hot weather. They gave me good advice, telling me that all the nice people would be away, except the matron and nurses at Lady Strangford's hospital for seamen.

They always had a weekly joint and a pound of fresh butter from the P. & O. Would I like to have

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it? Would not I? On the arrival of the P. & O. the joint and butter went into my ice-chest.

There was absolutely nothing to do except to swelter in the heat. My pony was a great comfort About 5 p.m. I used to land abreast the ship and have a good gallop along the sands that stretched away to the westward.

I soon made the acquaintance of the ladies at the hospital. There were three of them; two always came to lunch with me on Sundays. It was a short walk across the sands of half a mile. Port Said was a sink of iniquity in those days. I put the native town out of bounds for our men; it was inhabited by the lowest class of Greeks and prostitutes. Knifing was a frequent occurrence. The whole place was admirably policed by an officer and men of the Royal Marine Artillery.

There was a fairly decent café in the European part of the town that the officers sometimes went to after dinner. One night about 10 p.m. there was a quarrel between some Russian seamen that threatened bloodshed, when in came our police; each man fisted two Russians and locked them up till their officers sent a party for them. There were very few shops, a bad hotel, and the rest sand everywhere with a blazing sun.

All bad times come to an end after a while; about the end of July I got orders to turn over my duties to Lieutenant Jones of the *Albacore* on his arrival from the Red Sea.

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THE FLIES AT PORT SAID

By day the flies were a torment and gave me no peace. At breakfast the coffee cup had to be covered with a piece of cardboard. If not, the coffee was black with flies in a minute. The same with one's drink at lunch. My steward prepared the mosquito net, which was fitted to a hoop overhead and covered my arm-chair, small table and reached the deck. He put my coffee, pipe, etc., on the table, and after lunch I retired, clad in pants, thin jersey and shoes and defied the brutes. On shore they were worse; the unfortunate small children had flies swarming round their eyes, which the Egyptian mothers never brushed away!

I joined the Flag at Limasol in Cyprus on the 31st of July, very thankful to get away from Port Said. Before leaving I sold my pony to a clerk in the P. & O. office. He had done me well, with my daily rides. The Fleet visited Alexandretta, Ayas, Adalia and Maronavice. I was sent to Malta on the 17th of August with hospital patients with orders to arrive there on the afternoon of the 19th. I regulated my speed accordingly; on the morning of the 19th a strong head-wind sprang up. I told my chief engineer to light up the remaining boiler and shove her along. We had a time of it; the ship had never been so lively. I could not sit down in my cabin, but had to eat standing holding on to an iron stanchion. I was on deck after the men's dinner and saw the ship's cook. "How many men

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had their dinner?" "About two-thirds, sir, and lots of them lost it afterwards."

We anchored in Bighi Bay just as it was getting dark, and found the hospital boat waiting for the sick. Also a message from Rear-Admiral Douglas, telling me not to trouble to come and see him till next morning. Having secured the ship I went up to the Club. "Jose, a double portion of grilled bones and a bottle of Burgundy." The 1st Lieutenant came in to the Club and reported all correct on board, and we sat down to a second relay of bones.

Next day we docked, had the bottom painted, coaled, shipped stores for the Fleet and sailed again and rejoined the Flag at Tenedos on the 28th of August. A cricket team left for Constantinople with the Admiral. I was sent off on the 30th with permission to visit Axia Bay. This meant partridges. I took Rickard, the Admiral's secretary.

We got to Axia Bay that night, and preparations were made for a big partridge shoot. All who had guns landed. I got a native Greek to come with us, who knew, or said so, where the birds were to be found. He was a nuisance, for he had his long single-barrelled gun, and ran in on the birds till we took it from him. We found plenty of birds, red legs, but they were as wild as hawks. We did better in the evening and got a fair bag. We returned on the morning of the 2nd of September. All that month was spent in visiting the Greek Islands, and we returned to Malta on the 12th of October, where I found my wife, who had returned on the 6th.

On the 18th I was off again, taking H.R.H. Prince

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Alfred of Edinburgh to Naples with his gentleman-in-waiting and servants. We found the Naples oysters very poisonous! The Flag and five other ships left on the 24th for the Piraeus, to attend the 25th anniversary of the Independence of Greece.

On the evening of the 26th, just as I was finishing dinner at home, I got a message calling me at once to the Rear-Admiral's office. When I got there he told me a wire had come ordering me to proceed at once at full speed to the Piraeus, to bring mails and a box numbered 12, which had been left behind at San Antonio and belonged to the Duchess.

I drove out for the box, found the governess in tears; the box contained *all* H.R.H.'s bonnets! I sailed directly I got back and got to the Piraeus on the 28th. The Duchess told me she had to attend the first receptions in the hat she had worn coming over in the *Surprise*. I came in for all the dinners at Athens, and was presented to the King and Queen "as the officer who had brought my bonnets".

Ships of all nations were there: two or more Russian. The officers of the latter ships were very free with their liquor. On more than one occasion I saw a Russian officer fall from his chair at the close of dinner, utterly incapable. We got back to Malta on the 6th of November. When I was at Malta in August, Captain Chesney, A.D.C. to the Governor, told me he wanted to sell his pony "Mouse", as he was leaving the Island. I rode him over to the Sliema Club and bought him at once. He was a grey Barb, perfect manners, good paces, and passionately fond of polo. Colonel McKeane very

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kindly bought Chesney's cart for my wife, and she constantly drove him. He was a treasure, and used to come up the steps of our house in Strada Mezzodi for sugar.

A MALTA TEA PICNIC

A place was selected some six or eight miles off. The guests, the more the merrier, rode and drove. Some couples in "go-carts", a flat cart with no seats, only rugs to lie on. The tea was sent on in a four-wheeler. My wife drove Mouse with a friend; and I rode, generally with Jock MacRae, sometimes with Miss Hughes Hallet. After tea we sat about on the rocks, and returned in the evening.

Many interesting flirtations started with these picnics. Moonlight picnics gave an excellent time for the flirtatious!

On the 31st of December I heard that I was to go to Suakin as Senior Officer of the Red Sea Division. On the 7th of January, 1889, I sailed, taking with me Colin McLean, one of the 42nd. He was a bit run down, and the doctor thought change of air would do him good. Suakin as a health resort! He was certainly all the better for the change.

We started with a strong easterly wind against us. Years after, talking over our experiences, he said "that beastly ship! I went to bed on leaving Malta, and did not get up till we got to Port Said."

I found the *Racer* with May at Suez on the 14th, and he turned over the station to me. He had had a stirring time at Suakin. An extra ship had been sent there in August, and I tried hard to get the

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Admiral to send me, but he said, "May is your senior, so I must give him his chance".

I got to Suakin and found all the fun over.

Lord Kitchener was just leaving, and lunched with me before embarking. There had been quite a nice little fight. The Arabs had attacked the town defences, but had been defeated and driven off to the hills.

Suakin had changed very little since I was there in 1884. Besides being S.N.O., I was acting Consul, slept at the Consulate, as it was cooler than the ship, went off for breakfast, and at ten returned to my work at the Consulate. Lieut.-Commander Paget was in command of the *Starling*. Old P.—a real sportsman and had done very well in the fighting—I was an honorary member of the Soldiers' Mess, used to lunch and dine there, so also was McLean. As S.N.O. I was allowed forage for two horses. I bought one on my arrival from one of K's staff who was leaving, and I was entered at polo. I had never started at Malta; there were so many professors that I was shy of beginning. My arrival was hailed with joy, as I made another player. McLean was an old hand at it. I got a second horse lent me from the cavalry horses by that best of fellows, Beech, who was in command of the Gyppy Cavalry at Suakin. They were a princely lot of fellows in the mess, and made me feel a home at once. As far as I remember there were two Gyppy battalions and two Black, recruited from the Soudanese. Splendid upstanding fellows, the latter, who would follow their officers anywhere. They had their wives in the

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lines. I was at the orderly room one morning when the wife of one of the men was brought up for setting fire to her hut. Two gigantic native police women were in charge of the prisoner. Case proved, the C.O. said " Fum-fum ", the two police women, black, seized the prisoner, laid her on her face and gave her the stick. The C.O. said to me, " She won't do it again ".

My day was as follows: At 5 a.m. my boy Shaitan brought my horse, and I rode with Beech and his troop outside the lines, taking an express rifle, for one might get a shot at either a gazelle or a nigger. On return, bath and breakfast on board and then the Consulate. The work there was interesting. I had to administer justice in the Consular Court. My great help was " Every Man His Own Lawyer ", a very useful book, for what did I know of the law? I had a case that lasted all one hot day. The native interpreter on board the *Scout*, a very good fellow, was accused by an Arab dealer of stealing a bale of cloth from the bazaar. Witnesses were called on both sides, and it was never ending. A man from the Governor's staff assisted me by translating the evidence. About 5 p.m. I cleared the Court and gave my decision, That each party were to pay half the value of the cloth and their costs. Both parties were pleased, and I was spoken of in the bazaar as a " Just Judge ".

Another yarn. At the Consulate one morning a big Soumali man presented himself. He could speak some English, and I saw I had got hold of a " Sea lawyer ".

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"Me distressed British subject, come here to get work no can get. Send me back to Aden."

The Consular instructions lay down that distressed British subjects, if no employment can be found for them, are to be sent back by steamer to the port where they belong. The cost of a passage to Aden would have been £7. I said, "You came here to get work. Very well, I will get you work", and gave him a chit for the Governor's labour gang. The work was digging mud out of a deep ditch, with the thermometer at 90° to 100°!

A day passed, and the man came back. He was insubordinate and threatened me. I said to my cavass, "Take him to the Kiamakan"—the native Governor, a Turk and a first-rate old fellow—"and give him this note: 'Please give the man Fum-fum'".

Before the morning was over, the reply came, "He has had Fum-fum". The man left next morning in a dhow for Aden at his own expense. The Government was saved £7.

N.B.—The only newspaper correspondent at Suakin was the secretary of Sir Holled Smith the Governor.

Our polo ground and cricket field were outside the town, and inside the line of fortifications.

A cricket match was being played between the cable ship that was at work in the Red Sea and a local team. After a time a shot or two pitched on the ground. The Arabs were trying to snipe us from the near hills. The visitors objected, saying it was not cricket. Our team said, "That is nothing. See, the cavalry are out, and will soon clear them off". The

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ground was very rough, and if one got a toss at polo gravel rash was the result. I got a long despatch from Lord Baring at Cairo, in cipher, saying that the Government were anxious to find out what the Italians were doing at Massoa. Here was a job that would suit Paget. I had a talk with him, and he fully understood. He said, "Can you let me have a supply of champagne and some wine, and I will find out everything?" I gave him his orders,

He fed all the Italian authorities, the Governor-General, etc., and took them up the coast, where they had a shot at some wild pig. He did them so well that they took him up to railhead and let him see all that he wanted. His report, which I forwarded in duplicate, was really excellent, and it got Old P. his well-deserved promotion to Commander. I was very sorry to lose him at Suakin, for a more loyal comrade one could not wish for. I heard of slave-running from a place up the coast, but arrived too late. We found the last camp of the slave-dealers, but they had just shipped their cargo and sailed for the opposite coast. On my way back we overhauled a suspicious dhow, boarded her, but found nothing wrong. The season was getting on and the heat increasing; even the flies had departed from the bazaar, where they used to swarm. We had a fortnightly steamer from Suez that brought the ice for the mess on shore. It only lasted us a week, and till the next steamer we had to subsist on luke-warm drinks. There was no ice-making machine in Suakin!

Shaitan, my boy, was invaluable, for he knew

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a little English. When I left Suez, where I shipped my interpreter from the *Racer*, I began to learn Arabic, only colloquially—of course. After a month I could get along a little. At the soldiers' mess we each had our boys, who stood behind our chairs and waited extremely well. One heard the good news, "The steamer is in sight. Put a bottle of the Boy and two sodas in ice". The champagne was a very light Swiss wine. I shared a cool drink with a pal; one wanted it after playing polo with the thermometer at 85°. Thanks to my morning ride, and polo in the evening, I kept absolutely fit. McLean had left some time before, as his leave was up.

I had now been four months at Suakin. I got orders to go to Suez and turn over my duties to the Commander of the *Gannet*. I took Machell, commanding a Gyppy Battalion, with me as far as Malta, for he was going on leave, and got there on the 21st of April. I took my boy, Shaitan, with me, and two small gazelles; they were so tame that at the Consulate they came to me and nosed the pockets of my white tunic for biscuit. Unfortunately, the doe died from a surfeit of cabbage given to her by some fool of a bluejacket. The buck arrived safely. My steward told me that before I could land him he would have to be examined by the veterinary officer, to see if he had foot and mouth disease! His legs were so slender that I was afraid he might break them. I got my doctor to put all four legs in light splints, with bandages, carried him on shore in a flat basket, satisfied the vet and took him to our house. He lived in a small room opening on

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to the terrace that ran round the inner part of the house, and there he lived and enjoyed the sunshine. If my retriever, Paddy, was in a very choice and warm spot, he used to put down his little horns and butt him out of it. A favourite game of ours was, to take him to the far end of our long drawing-room—100 feet in length, arrange the chairs, etc., as a series of jumps, stand at the other end with a lettuce and let him go. He started, cleared all the jumps, and got his reward. When we left Malta finally, on 18th of May, 1890, the Governor very kindly gave him a home in his park at Verdala, where I hope he lived happily. My English steward got ill before I went to Suakin and had to go home. I got the best man I ever had, Psaila; he had been with Baker Pasha in the rout at Trinkatat in '84, and was one of the few men who did not run away. He spoke four modern languages and Arabic. Shaitan used to wait at table with him. The boy wore his hair after the fashion of the Soudanese, shaved at the sides, the rest frizzed out, with a silver-mounted ebony stick pushed through his hair. He wore a white tobé, pants and shoes. At Suakin all the boys went barefoot. He had wonderful eyes, and was very good looking, which all the ladies noticed and commented on. As the young rascal knew some English this was unfortunate, but did not spoil him at all.

I was quite surprised that he, speaking Arabic, understood the Maltese, but the languages are very similar. The Duchess of Edinburgh left Malta on the 12th of February, while I was at Suakin. She was seen off by the ladies of Malta, she was very

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much regretted. She had been very kind to my wife and me. The last Easter she sent us three beautiful Russian agates as Easter eggs. We have them still, mounted as the handles of sticks. The Duke of Edinburgh left the station in April with the *Alexandra*, and was succeeded by Admiral Sir Anthony Hoskins, who hoisted his flag in the *Dreadnought*. The Fleet sailed for the summer cruise on the 9th of June, and I joined the Flag at Naples on the 14th. My wife went home by P. & O. on the 13th of June.

One summer cruise is so like another that I only give the ports we called at: Naples, Port Mahon, Valencia, Almeria and Malaga. I was sent to Gibraltar with invalids from Port Mahon, with orders to coal, give general leave and remain there five days. I found my old friends the 60th, there. I and the *Surprise* took them on at polo; they mounted us. We were well beaten, but had a jolly game. I dined both teams on board the *Scout* afterwards. I rejoined the Flag at Valencia.

The Fleet left Malaga early in August. A strong levanter was blowing with a nasty head sea. The *Polyphemus*—Commander Meryon, had succeeded Gallwey—was making very bad weather. The Admiral called her up on his beam, and a great deal of semaphoring went on that I could not see. Up went a signal: "*Scout* to return to Malaga with *Polyphemus*. Commander Meryon has your orders". I put the helm hard over and was off, the *Polyphemus* following. It was a relief after some hours of plugging against a head sea. We anchored at Malaga, and Meryon came on board with my orders from the

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Admiral. I discussed the orders, which had been made by semaphore, with Meryon. In effect they were to convoy the *Polyphemus*, when the weather improved, calling at any ports deemed to be advisable, and rejoin the Flag at Palermo. These orders, although a little vague, gave me a chance for an independent cruise. We started next day for Algiers, saluted with twenty-one guns on entering the port, called on the Governor-General and our Consul. There was no French ship in the harbour.

In the afternoon while I was calling on the Consul a fire broke out at the opposite side of the bay. Lieutenant Torlesse immediately sent all available men from both ships to assist; the fire was in the ricks of hay at the Government forage store. I heard of this, drove round and found the men, black with smoke, entirely happy pulling down the burning hay and saving the remainder. Lieutenant Torlesse was directing the operations. Our men were at the fire long before the French fire brigade arrived.

That night Meryon and I dined on shore at a big café with the English and Spanish Consuls and a few others. As it was a hot night we dined outside the café, the traffic in the street having been stopped by the French authorities! Next forenoon the Governor came on board, to thank me and the ship's company, who were all paraded. He, in thanking me, said, "I shall have great pleasure in recommending you for the Legion of Honour". I heard afterwards that the letter from the French Government never got further than our Foreign Office, so I never got my decoration.

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I entertained the Governor's staff and the two Consuls at a *déjeuner* on board. Next day we sailed for Bougie, spent the night there and rejoined the Flag at Palermo.

I went on board the Flagship and met a friend. By the way of pulling my leg, he said, "We thought you were lost; wait till you see the Chief".

I took my letter of proceedings to the Admiral. He read it, and after a moment said, "I want to hear more of this story; you and Meryon will dine with me to-night." After I got on board I received a memo from him which concluded thus:

> "I approve of your proceedings generally, and in *all respects*, during the time you were detached with the *Polyphemus*.
>
> (signed) A. H. HOSKINS,
> *Vice-Admiral.*

So the leg-pull did not come off, as I told my friend afterwards. On the 9th of September I was ordered to Port Iero, Mitylene, to carry out experiments with the Mark VIII torpedo, concerning which I had received Admiralty orders.

Port Iero was a fine land-locked harbour most suitable for our work. A good anchorage and an average depth. A very pretty place as well, with olive groves covering the hills. Following my orders, I rode over, in uniform, to call on the Governor of Mitylene to inform him of our plans and arrange for any telegrams and our mails to be sent over. He kept me to dinner, and I rode back the four miles by moonlight.

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We had a busy time running the torpedoes, and the trials were successful; a few sank, but we recovered them all, thanks to our chief boatswain's mate, who was a very good diver. He went down, sat on an iron grating, was slowly towed over the ground by the steam pinnace till he signalled up that he had found it. I hired a horse on my arrival, and rode about the hills under the olives when the work was over and picked blackberries. I took our fox-terrier "Valletta" with me. One day I quite lost my way in the olive woods. I said "Val, home". She trotted off and took me back to the beach. Valletta's grandmother was born on the march up to Ekowe, and was brought up by a bluejacket, and given to Lieutenant Startin, who was with the Naval Brigade. He gave Valletta to my wife, and we had her for sixteen years and eight months. She laid the foundation stone of our house at Bordighera in 1893, and the house was named after her.

The annual sailing Regatta was held while we were visiting the Greek Islands. I was always fond of boat sailing. My galley was a whaler, a fast boat under oars and sail. On getting to Malta, as I did not like the Admiralty rig, I decided to change it. After consulting Captain Fitzgerald, a famous boat sailer, the following rig was fitted—

The two masts were 19 ft. x 13 ft. respectively. The mainsail had a 12 ft. 10 in. boom. Both fore- and main-sails were peak-headed, *i.e.*, ran to a point at the masthead. She also carried a stay-sail. Her length was 27 ft. She was very handy, ran well, but was rather crank. I had a steel tiller fitted by

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my chief engineer, far better for steering under sail than yoke lines.

The day was fine, the sea smooth, the breeze good, a little fresh at times. My coxswain was Girard (the Jerseyman, Frenchy, my sledge Captain in the Arctic). We had a good start and were leading after the first round. I was having a drink that Girard mixed for me, when there came a puff. I luffed, but she heeled over; water came over the lee gunwale and over she went. We were all swimming about when I saw my bow man, Harris, A.B., in difficulties. I gave him a couple of oars to put under his arms. We were soon picked up. Our chance of winning the Cup gone. I found that Harris could not swim, though his certificate was marked "Can swim". I had him taught at once. When Girard left at the expiration of his time I rated him as my coxswain, as first-class P.O. I fitted, but too late, canvas wash-boards to the boat.

I rejoined the Flag at Salonica. In October I was sent to Trieste to pick up a mine lost by the Fleet in former operations at Argostoli in 1887. Then I went to Venice to join the Royal yacht *Osborne* and *Surprise*, who were waiting the arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales. They arrived and were met at the station. I was commanded to dine on board the *Osborne*. H.R.H. presented me to the Princess. The dinner was great fun, for the Prince chaffed everybody. As I left he said, "I will inspect your ship at 10 a.m. to-morrow". He came on board in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, inspected

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the ship's company, walked round the ship and came down to my cabin, where a cool drink was waiting for him. He made a minute examination of my framed photographs and recognized some of them. On leaving he said to me and the officers, "I am very pleased with all I have seen. The men are smart and clean, and the ship is in very good order".

After a few days' sight-seeing at Venice we started down the Adriatic, keeping close to the eastern shore. Of course we ran into a nasty scirocco wind that kicked up a sea. When we were off Cattaro in the evening, the *Osborne* altered course and steered up the Cattaro Gulf. I hoped we were going to anchor there and have a quiet night, but no, it was only to allow the Royal party to dine in smooth water. We steamed as far as the harbour, turned, came out again and resumed our course for the Piraeus. I attach the actual order for the reception of H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, as it may be of interest.

PROGRAMME FOR SQUADRON

Reception of H.R.H The Prince of Wales

"Dreadnought" at Sea.
MEMORANDUM. 9 October, 1889.

The Royal Yacht is expected to arrive off Hydra about 10 o'clock on the forenoon of the 17th instant.

The Squadron will be formed in two lines 6 cables apart. Ships in line in close order. The "Landrail", having previously received on board the band and a Guard of Honour from the "Téméraire" and other Ships will be on the Starboard Beam of the Flag-Ship.

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'Osborne." Captain H. Lambton.

ROYAL YACHT

TÉMÉRAIRE — *DREADNOUGHT (Flag)*

SURPRISE

EDINBURGH — *COLOSSUS*

SCOUT

BENBOW — *CARYSFORT*

LANDRAIL

As the Royal Squadron approaches, the masted Ships "Téméraire" and "Carysfort" will man yards and the rest of the Ships man the gunwales, and the whole Squadron will fire a Royal Salute which should be finished as the Royal Yacht enters between the lines.

The Royal Yacht will then pass between the lines to a position two cables ahead of a line joining the two leading Ships, and the Squadron will regulate course and speed by her.

The Ships following her will take station abreast of the leading and second Ships, keeping station by them and forming for the time a Centre Division, and the "Landrail" will close up and become the 4th Ship in the Centre Division.

Up to this time the Squadron will be proceeding at the rate of 5 knots, but as the Royal Yacht approaches, will increase to 10 knots and arrive at that effective speed by the time the Royal Yacht is in her station, and thus avoid her having to ease.

That speed to be maintained until arrival off the Piraeus.

On approaching the Piraeus the Greek Flag will be hoisted by all the Ships at the main and be saluted by all the Ships with 21 guns.

Off the entrance of the Piraeus, the two outer lines of the Squadron will turn outwards, Leaders first, the others in succession, and as they commence doing so will man yards and gunwales as before and fire a Royal Salute. The Royal Squadron will continue into the Piraeus.

The "Scout" will be furnished with a proper berth, and considering herself a saluting Ship will, with the "Surprise", fire such salutes as His Royal Highness may desire on his disembarking and otherwise.

Full Guards will be up in all the Ships on the saluting occasions, and the bands play first "God save the Queen" and secondly "God bless the Prince of Wales".

When the Royal Squadron enters the Piraeus, the "Landrail" will act under the directions of Captain The Honourable Hedworth Lambton and rejoin the Squadron in Salamis Bay when her services are no longer required in the Piraeus. Directions respecting the band and Guard will be given from the "Osborne".

The Ships will be dressed with Masthead Flags when the Royal squadron is first sighted at sea, and with Flags in the usual way on anchoring until sunset.

The Ships Companies will be in Inspection Dress, White Hats, blue Tunics, White Frocks, Blue Trousers.

Officers in Full Dress unless otherwise ordered.

A H. HOSKINS,
Vice-Admiral, and
Commander-in-Chief.

The Officers Commanding,
H.M. Ships present.

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Thank goodness I had nothing to do with the festivities at Athens, for I disliked the place. I got orders to sail for Suda Bay, pick up the *Polyphemus* and take her to Malta, and prepare to pay off the *Scout*.

A month before I had a letter from Prince Louis of Battenberg, telling me he was going to re-commission the *Scout*, offering to take over my 1st Lieutenant, steward, cook and all my furniture, including the stove, with any stores that were left. I gladly said I would let him have the furniture, etc., but the 1st Lieutenant was going home, and I wanted my steward and cook on shore at our house.

He knew the ship and my cabin well, for he had often been on board with me. He was a charming man and one of the best. Many years after, in the winter of 1915-16, when he had resigned the post of First Sea Lord, he met me at the Senior. He said, "Have you seen the latest in one of the morning papers? Prince Louis was shot at the Tower early this morning". It was due solely to him that our fleet was mobilized in time. Peace be to his ashes. I arrived at Malta on the 27th of October. My wife came on board for my final steam trial, and we lunched with Admiral and Mrs. Buller at the dockyard. We paid off on the following day. I have a bit of the paying off pendant in my studio now. Next day Battenberg re-commissioned the ship, and the same evening sent me a cheque for my furniture and stores—prompt work.

The paid-off crew sailed for England in the *Tamar*. As I had in duty bound to report myself

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at the Admiralty after paying off my ship, I left Malta on the 15th of November in the P. & O. The ship was nearly empty, and I made friends with the Captain and had a good passage. I reported myself at the Admiralty, and asked for another sea-going command.

I was told that it would be impossible, as I had just had three years at sea. I was told that my name would be considered for one of the Boys' Training Ships. The *St. Vincent* would be vacant in the early summer. I had to content myself with that. It was a new job for me, and I would much rather have gone on in my old line.

I went down to the *Vernon* at Portsmouth, and discussed the experiments carried out in the *Scout* with the Captain; he regretted very much that there was no opening for me in the torpedo line.

I got back to Malta on the 26th of December.

I bought two more ponies, which brought my stud up to three and played polo regularly. Golf appeared at Malta in the spring, 1890; a short course was laid out in the ditches of the fortifications where there were many bushes of the caper plant. A notice was put up, "No capers to be cut here", by orders of the C.R.E. My teacher was Colonel Buscarlett, a winter visitor. The greens were hard sand, and one had to tee up on the bare rock, rather hard on the clubs. The Gymkhana that spring was a famous affair, and as I was a man of leisure I was able to attend it. I ran one of my ponies, but he did nothing. We used the pari-mutuel. A pony that had been brought from India to beat our

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champion had previously done nothing. He changed owners before the racing, but was only backed by very few. I believed in the pony and went for him. I scooped up a lot.

We left Malta on the 18th of May in the P. & O. *Mirzapore*. A lot of our friends sailed with us. At Gibraltar my wife and I took a four-wheeler and drove to the 42nd mess. The mess sergeant told me that the regiment was out at the north front; we drove there and found them drilling. The Colonel halted the men, and gave the officers permission to fall out and come and say good-bye to us, for they were old friends of ours at Malta, and we had missed the regiment dreadfully when it left.

We left behind at Gibraltar my wife's maid, Carrie, who had been with her for so long. She was engaged to Sergeant Vair of the 42nd. A first-rate fellow he was. I saw him and said, "We have brought you your future wife. I know you will take care of her, for she is one of the best". She was married after we left, and afterwards went with her husband to the depôt at Perth, where we saw her again some years later.

The ship was full of children from India, horribly spoilt little wretches. They raced about the deck, shouting. It was impossible to find a quiet spot for one's chair in the afternoon. The Captain agreed with me. In a former voyage home, he had fitted up an enclosure forward, for them to play in. The mothers objected to their children being "confined like wild beasts". The Directors pitched into the Captain.

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We ran into a thick fog off Ushant; four of us were playing whist in the after-wheel house. The siren was blowing, when there suddenly appeared a large liner close to our stern; the three others all threw their cards and rushed out. I was annoyed, for I held four by honours.

We arrived at Tilbury Dock on a bank holiday, Whit-Monday. The train was waiting for us, but no porters, so we and the stewards had to fist our cabin luggage and get it into the train. We found Waterloo Station when we got there almost deserted, and the few porters were delighted to see us.

We stayed with my brother and his wife at Itchen Stoke, six miles from Winchester, where I had been brought up. I was given some fishing in the Itchen and got a lot of trout.

On leaving Malta, Captain Chesney, the former owner, took Mouse. I sold the second pony, but could not get a fair price for the third. Captain Gallwey of the *Hecla* very kindly brought him home for me to Portsmouth, and my groom rode him up to where I was staying.

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CHAPTER V

FINAL YEARS

FROM JULY, 1890, *TO RETIREMENT*, 1891

We left on the 7th of July, 1890, and joined the *St. Vincent*; she was moored in Haslar creek in Portsmouth Harbour. The first night we dined in the ward-room. I had previously taken over the Command from Commander Alvin Corry, an old friend of ours. My 1st lieutenant was Lieutenant Caulfield.

The Captain of the training ship had to live on board, married quarters being provided. We had a good fore-cabin and office, and after-cabin with a stern walk. A good sleeping cabin for ourselves. A cabin for my wife's maid and two spare cabins. The pony was stabled at the Royal Naval Hospital at Haslar, with the permission of Director General Sir Doyle Money-Shaw and Lady Shaw, who had been at Bighi Bay Hospital, Malta, when we were there. We were fortunate in having such old friends so near us. In the summer, life in the *St. Vincent* was very pleasant, the ports all open and the stern walk looking out over Spithead to sit in. I had a good galley's crew of boys, looked after by May, a first-class P.O. My wife was able to go on shore when she pleased, for calling or shopping at Southsea.

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Life on board. At 7.30 a.m. I went on deck, sail drill. All plain sail and yards braced a-box. If it was not blowing the sails were left set till later. At 8.30 we had breakfast in the fore-cabin. At 9 I commenced my work. If my wife was otherwise engaged, I rode in the afternoon, right out past Gosport to the rifle ranges. There was lots of grass, and country lanes for riding. My boat was called away by bugle. Valletta, the terrier, in a short time got to know the call, was ready at the gangway, ran down and got into the boat. My wife took her on shore one day, and missed her in Southsea. When she came back later, she found Val waiting for the boat at the landing steps.

The *St. Vincent*, *Duke of Wellington*, and also one of the other harbour ships, had each a cutter-rigged yacht; the crew of our boat the *Chip* were very smart, having been trained by the 1st Lieutenant.

I was an Hon. Member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, as all the Captains of the *St. Vincent* were. At Ryde that summer there was a race for the three boats. The "Duke's" boat was sailed by Lieutenant Caulfield, and the *Chip*, our boat, by myself. After an exciting race, I won, the Duke's boat second.

Father Dolling had charge of the Portsmouth Mission at Portsea near the dockyard, and was a friend of Lieutenant Caulfield's. We had a boy on board who was always in trouble, and I was afraid we should have to get rid of him. Caulfield said to me, "Let Father Dolling have him for a time". The boy was with him for a fortnight, and returned a

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reformed character. He did well, and was afterwards made a petty officer boy.

Father Dolling's influence with all sorts of bad characters was wonderful; he had a home, cubicles, refectory, gymnasium and chapel. He told us when we visited him, "You will see all sorts of young fellows at tea. No one is known by his real name". He addressed a young lad as Curly; he told me that he was just out of quod, but was making good. He fed with the lads and lived with them. The Church authorities got rid of him because he was "not orthodox"! Orthodox? I should think not! But what work he had done! He came off one Sunday and preached, not a boy went to sleep!

I had many a game of golf with Dick Gresley, Commander of the Royal Yacht, and late Commander of the *Alexandra* in the Mediterranean, on the links at Gosport. We generally played for a bob, and he beat me. When we played for half a crown, I beat him! The links were not very good, but near the ship. The Hayling Island and Bembridge links were first rate, but too far away to play there often.

A case of mistaken identity. One day at Malta, when I had the *Scout*, it was a beastly wet day, and I was very bored on board. I put on my mackintosh, took the skiff, and went on board the Flag-ship. I went down to the ward-room. Gresley said, "Have a drink?" I was sitting down on one side of the stove, he on the other. Down came the midshipman of the watch. He came to me, saluted and said, "Please, sir, the officer of the watch said it has

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stopped raining, and should he slope the quarter deck awning?" Gresley burst out, "You d——d young ass! don't you know your own Commander?"

Yet another case. I had just come out on the Mediterranean station and was at a ball at the Governor's Palace. A lieutenant from the Flag-ship, I had not seen him before, came to me, "May I have leave from Divisions to-morrow, Sunday, sir, as I have friends on shore?" I said, "Certainly, by all means." I told Gresley later, "I have just given one of your lieutenants leave from Divisions on Sunday!"

Gresley and I were the same build, the same colouring, and there must have been a strong resemblance between us.

My Commander-in-Chief was Sir Edmund Commerell, K.C.B., V.C. One day I got a signal to say he was coming on board that afternoon. One watch was at school and the other at seamanship. He said when he got on board, "I should like to see the boys away in the boats under sail". I took one watch and sent them off under the charge of a Warrant Office. They sailed about the harbour, tacked and wore. Then down masts and came back under oars. The Admiral was much pleased and said so. He was great on boat sailing and seamanship. My weekly report was sent to the Inspecting Captain of training ships at Plymouth—saying that in obedience to the Commander-in-Chief's order I had sent one watch away in the boats. I got a nasty letter saying I was to give my reasons in writing for altering the printed instructions for the routine,

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the letter finished with some nasty remarks about my neglect of the " printed orders ".

I had to see the Admiral and took the letter. I said, " You are my Commander-in-Chief, and your orders come first with me." He laughed and said, " You are like the fellow who was between the Devil and the Deep Sea ". He was a fine fellow, and the type of what an officer should be. However, he took care that the incident should do me no harm with their Lordships at the Admiralty.

We asked Sir Samuel Wilks to come down for a few days. His name ought to be known, as he was one of the most celebrated doctors of his time. He was a Guy's man, and he had been extremely kind to my wife for many years. He enjoyed his port and cigar after dinner. He was much interested with the ship, and talked to many of the boys. I took him all over the dockyard and the ships there. I think he was most interested with the machine for making blocks. Some wood and metal bushes are put in the machine; round goes the works, and out comes a finished block. I could hardly get him away!

From the 9th to the 12th of September I shot at West Park with Eyre Coote. As the house was let he put us up at the " Compasses " Damerham, kept by an old butler of his, and very well he did us. The guns were our host, myself, R. Poore, Colonel Sampson, and Dudley Saurin. We got 122 partridges, 49 hares and 8 rabbits.

On the 27th my wife and I went to Ilsington. I was shooting there with my brother-in-law, Walter

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Brymer. We got 36 partridges, 3 pheasants, 4 ducks, 6 hares, and 102 rabbits. From Ilsington I went again to West Park for two days' shoot, the 14th and 15th. We got 26 partridges, 43 pheasants, 22 hares and 5 rabbits. We got back to the ship on the evening of the 15th. Our annual inspection by the Inspecting Captain was nearly due. Captain Harris inspected the ship on the 7th of November. It was a very long job, and a searching one, but went off all right. The 1st Lieutenant and I were very glad when it was over.

On the 13th I went off for a very pleasant shoot with Colonel Sampson, one of the guns I had met at West Park. We got 67 pheasants, 3 woodcock, two hares and 32 rabbits.

The winter had come on; the top-gallant masts and yards were down and the sails unbent. Our tender, the sailing brig *Martin*, Lieutenant Commander Cuddy, was put out of Commission. The five brig-midshipmen joined the *St. Vincent* for a time. They used to come up to our cabin, have big teas and play games. On Sunday evenings, Lieutenant Caulfield used to appear with the boys who had the cleanest mess at the Sunday inspection. They were all marched into the fore-cabin, and my wife presented the Captain and the cook of the mess with sixpence each, and all the boys had a large slice of plum cake; they were fearfully shy.

It was a severe winter, snow and frost in abundance, and life on board was not so comfortable with all the ports shut.

We stayed on board for the Christmas leave and

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kept ship, but got away to Ilsington, my wife's home, on the 13th of January, 1891. I had some rough shooting with Colonel Brymer, my brother-in-law. We only got 8 pheasants, 5 snipe, 7 duck, 1 woodcock and 20 pigeons.

The spring was very cold; I got some skating at Gosport, the first for many years. Constantly being called on deck, going out of a warm cabin without a great-coat, I got a chill and bad cold that I could not shake off. Early in April, on the doctor's advice, I got four weeks' leave, and went out to Bordighera.

Not being used to travelling, we came down from Paris by the night train. I thought that a tip to the guard would get us room to put up our legs. Little did I know; our first-class carriage filled up with eight people at the Gare de Lyon! We started, but had got corner seats. Opposite me were two disgusting young people, *nouveaux mariés*, they pawed one another; when I woke from an uneasy nap they were eating sausages. They then went to sleep with the girl's head on his shoulder and his arm round her waist. The weary night came to an end. In the early morning I made the acquaintance of a charming Frenchman, a director of the P.L.M.; he invited us into his reserved compartment and we travelled the rest of the way in comfort. At Marseilles, where we changed, he advised me to get an empty lit-salon to finish our journey to Ventimiglia. We did so, thanks to his having spoken to the station-master, and travelled in comfort. I was thankful as owing to the bad night I had a return of the malarial fever. We got to Bordighera in the evening

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and went to the Hotel Angst. It was kept by Monsieur Angst and his wife. They were charming. Madame said, "Oh, pauvre Monsieur, il a l'air tellement malade". She mothered me all the time I was there. The Hotel was delightful; a good garden, the view to the west looking over France, Mentone, Monte Carlo with the mountains above Gramondo and the Testa di Cane over Monte was magnificent. The sun shone every day, and the sea was blue. Bordighera, the unspoilt in 1891, was covered with olive-trees, which changed their colour at all hours of the day; with a slight breeze their tops were a silvery colour.

Very few houses existed between the town and Ventimiglia, nothing but trees and green. We made friends with some charming people at the hotel. A Mrs. Gresley, the mother of our friend, Captain Gresley; her daughter had married another old friend of ours, Captain Gallway. She advised me to let Dr. Agnetti have a look at me. I did so, the result was that I was absolutely sound when I left.

The old *St. Vincent* was not a healthy ship for the Captain in the winter, it was better in the summer, when all the ports were open. The sanitary arrangements were defective. I had reported the fact, but the dockyard, beyond sending off a plumber, did nothing, and when all the ports were closed there still remained a smell!

The walks amongst the olives were to be remembered. On leaving the hotel one walked straight into them, and the woods continued all the way to Sasso, a small village on the hill.

The old town was interesting, with its narrow

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streets, high houses, with the earthquake arches between them. The old town walls still remained in those days. One of them had a large hole in it breached by a cannon shot, and thereby hangs a tale. In Nelson's time the French were besieging Genoa, and his ships were patrolling the coast. An English supply ship for the Fleet off Genoa was becalmed off the Capo, where antiquated guns were mounted. The Bordighese said, "Here's a chance!" and fired at her, knocking her about till she could tow out of range. This outrage, for Bordighera, San Remo, etc., were friendly with the English, was too much for Nelson, so he sent a twelve-gun brig to demand reparations.

The brig arrived, and the demands were refused by the Sindaco (The Mayor). The brig opened fire, and after a few shots the town gave in. A boat was sent for the Sindaco and the matter was settled. They say he was so well done on board that when he returned he was carried up to his house by the marines from the brig.

Wise after the event, I took a lit-salon and travelled comfortably, and got on board the *St. Vincent* the first week in May in fine weather, all the better for my trip to Bordighera.

In June an epidemic of measles broke out amongst the boys. At one time we had over two hundred cases at Haslar. At last we thought we were clear. We had received a command to attend a State Ball in July. At the Ball I felt very seedy. When we got back to Portsmouth the doctor put me to bed, with a high fever. The fever continued for three days,

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and then out came the rash. I was the last case of measles on board. I was packed up in a cot and carried by marines to hospital. Just as I was nearing the gate a band struck up the "Dead March in Saul", not for me, but for a funeral leaving the hospital. A cheerful beginning!

In those days the band struck up as it left the hospital and was heard in all the wards. "There's poor Bill gone; whose turn will it be next?" I am thankful to say that soon orders were given for the band not to play till it was out of hearing of the hospital. My wife and her maid were sent to the Sister's quarters in quarantine.

I had a dismal time in bed, not allowed to smoke or read on account of my eyes. The room was absolutely bare, a bed, table and chair. The food was not good. I got leave to have my eggs from the chicken we kept on the boys' recreation field, and fresh butter. The butter provided was salt!

The second evening good, kind Miss Hogg came in and read to me, for I had seen no one but the doctor and the old Marine nurse. After a time I got a bit of bacon and he fried some with the eggs on the fire in my room, after the doctor's visit.

When I got better Lady Money-Shaw, wife of the Director-General, let me come to their home for lunch. When I was convalescent we went to Ilsington. I had lost a couple of stone in weight. My wife had had measles years before, but the maid broke out with the rash on our arrival. My mother-in-law, Mrs. Brymer, was awfully good about it, and had

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the girl put in a distant part of the servants' quarters. In August we got back to the ship.

Arthur Roberts brought his company to Portsmouth; he gave free seats to about one hundred boys each night. Very good of him. We asked him and his wife on board and gave them a show. The boy, Bourke (Father Dolling's friend), sang "A Salt Herring", to Roberts' delight. My wife had to entertain them at tea, as I was away on duty.

A year after I met Roberts at Truefitt's. He was trying on a white hat. He was fooling to such an extent that all the shopmen were in fits of laughter. I spoke to him and thanked him for his kindness to the boys in the *St. Vincent*. He said, "Have you seen me in 'H.M.S. *Irresistible*?'" a piece that was running at the time.

"I am the Captain, and come on deck. The 1st Lieutenant salutes me and says, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but you have your sword on the wrong side.' 'All right, my boy, turn the ship round'."

The French Fleet came to Spithead, and a grand Naval Ball was given at the Portsmouth Guildhall. I was on the Committee and stayed till the very end. About 4 a.m. I took my wife and a lady who was staying on board with us down for some soup, and I had some more myself. I took the menu and ordered some stuffed quails. All was as good as it had been at 12 o'clock, when I had taken some big-wig down to supper.

The catering had been done by the Army and Navy Stores. They sent the supper and their *own* staff of waiters down by a special train. I never

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saw a supper better done. By 8 a.m. the hall was clear, and they were all on their way back to London. All they required, when the Committee made the contract, was a plan of the supper-room with the tables, and they refused any help from our mess waiters.

In October 1891, Colonel Cody, Buffalo Bill, brought the Wild West Show to Portsmouth. He invited a lot of our boys. We went two afternoons, and took my wife's sister with us. We had two rides in the Deadwood Coach, drawn by six mules. As we were galloping round the ring, in came the Red Indians mounted on wild-looking horses. A lot of firing took place; one of the Indians rode up to the side of the coach, pinched my sister-in-law's arm and said, "Fat white Squaw". She was well favoured.

Buffalo Bill gave my wife a signed card, in remembrance of her ride in the Deadwood Coach.

In September I had a good one day-shoot with Eyre Coote at West Park; only three guns, 46 partridges, 21 hares and 4 rabbits.

As the autumn was drawing on, the question arose, would it be advisable for my wife to have a second winter in England? I consulted Sir Samuel Wilks. He strongly advised our going abroad, not only for her sake, but for mine as well, taking into consideration the bad state of the sanitary arrangements in our cabin, which I had alluded to before. He gave me a letter to the above effect, which I took to the Admiralty. I saw Sir Anthony Hoskins, who asked me if I had come to ask for my promotion. I said no, and gave him Sir Samuel's

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letter. He read it, and agreed it was the only thing to do, and added, "It won't interfere with your future promotion."

I turned over to my successor and went on half-pay. I believe, before he lived on board, the defects were made good; a quantity of infected wood was cut away from the "dead wood" of the stern.

I had a good shoot at Ilsington before leaving England: Colonel Brymer, myself, and Colonel John Gooden, 58 partridges, 18 pheasants, 51 hares and 208 rabbits.

We packed up and started for Bordighera and the Angst Hotel, where we had been so comfortable in the spring. I was promoted Post-Captain on the 30th of June, 1892, and Rear-Admiral on the retired List in 1904.

We afterwards bought land at Bordighera and built our house, coming out every winter.

Here I am closing these Memoirs; they are only a record of the time I spent in the Service. They have no polish, and are not literary, and only pretend to be a plain account of my time in the Royal Navy —which is Second to None.

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